

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XX.—No. 502.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th 1906.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



KETURAH-COLLINGS.

THE HON. MRS. ALISTAIR HAY.

16, N. Audley St., W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Hon. Mrs. Alistair Hay	217, 218
The Duty of the State to Science	218
Country Notes	219
Yachting and the Cowes Regatta. (Illustrated)	221
From the Farms. (Illustrated)	223
A Book of the Week	225
The Warren Towers Stud. (Illustrated)	226
Points in the Life History of the Salmon	228
In Summer Woods. (Illustrated)	229
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	233
Country Home: Glamis Castle. (Illustrated)	234
Trout and Trout-fishing	240
Home Life of North American Birds. I.—The Bluebird. (Illustrated)	241
The New Forest Pony. (Illustrated)	243
In Time of Drought	244
In the Eagle's Eyrie. (Illustrated)	245
Wild Country Life	247
The National Park on Ulswater. (Illustrated)	248
Shooting. (Illustrated)	248
On the Green. (Illustrated)	251

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addresses envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All Advertisements must be prepaid.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE TO SCIENCE.

NOT so very long since, Professor Perry had some hard things to tell us about the unsatisfactory state of our educational system—or what passes for a system among us; and he might very well have gone on from the subject of the scholar to consider the condition of the teacher, though from a different point of view. There can be no doubt that, although slowly—painfully slowly—we are beginning to realise that if we are to hold our own in the struggle for existence with other peoples, the teaching of science must play a much larger part in our educational system than hitherto. This fact is being admitted, though with a bad grace and grudgingly, on all hands. Even this advance, probably, would not have been made but for the hope of immediate return for the time and money spent in the shape of pecuniary benefits. Few among us, even now, are far-sighted enough to see that pure science may yet form a sound investment. We are a stiff-necked generation, clinging, with the tenacity of the limpet, to our old traditions, and turning with resentment on those who would have us move with the times; not for the sake of moving to avoid stagnation, but to ensure our national efficiency in every walk of life—to provide a compass for the merchant, a sure guide to the farmer and breeder, relief from the scourge of disease, and to fan the flame of intellectual enlightenment. There are missionaries among us, bidding us hourly to take up this latest of the white man's burdens; but they preach in vain. From time to time our pastors and masters, in the shape of those who man the ship of State, are adjured to steer a course which will enable us to

leave the quagmires of "muddle-through" and bear us on to the firmer, healthier territory surveyed by the instruments of exact knowledge. So far, however, "we live, desiring without hope"; and this because those who should be our guides are unable to understand the signs of the times. As Professor E. Ray Lankester has recently remarked, the reason for this is "to be found in the defective education, both at school and university, of our governing class, as well as in a racial dislike among all classes to the establishment and support by public funds of posts which the average man may not expect to succeed by popular clamour or class privilege in gaining for himself—posts which must be held by men of special training and mental gifts." That this is so may be gathered from the fact that spasmodic relief has, from time to time, been given by such men in authority as have themselves had a first-hand knowledge of the value of science as the great fountain of all benefit—commercial, social, and moral.

True we have got as far as Boards of Agriculture and Fisheries, Health, and Education, but these are by no means as efficient as could be wished, the supreme control being in the hands of other than scientific men. Something more than "Boards," however, are needed. In short, no real progress will be made until the governors secure to the governed, or the governed insist on having, the best that science has to give in every walk of life, until, in short, our national life is irrigated by the waters of science. To many, unfortunately, the term "science" is something of a bogey, something too like black magic to be encouraged; while others appear to regard any invitation to promote its spread as an invitation which must inevitably pollute the waters of religion and morality. If only it could be more generally recognised that science is, after all, as Huxley happily put it, only "organised common-sense," our outlook for the future would be brighter. To secure these benefits, however, it will be necessary to make the calling of the man of science not so much a profitable one as one in which he may be certain of obtaining the necessities of life without the need of resorting to adventitious aids to eke out an existence. At the present time the younger men engaged in the arduous work of teaching in our Universities, for example, are so miserably paid that time which should be spent in recreation, or in the furtherance of this work, has to be spent in endeavouring to add to their slender resources by work which could very well be done by others of less intellectual qualifications. To say that those only should engage in the work who have private means to supplement their official income is obviously enough false in principle, and needs no further condemnation. This evil could be easily remedied by State endowment to institutions in need of such help to carry on the work efficiently; for inefficiency is to a certain extent inevitable where extraneous sources have to be tapped to supplement the income of those who should be, and desire to be, devoting their whole time to official work. To say, as some say, that the struggles of men who have since become famous served to bring out the "grit" that was in them, is mere foolishness, not to say brutality. To force such men to do battle with poverty in this way is a blind and stupid policy, shortening their period of productiveness, and thereby sacrificing the best interests of the community.

A man thinks twice to-day before he consents to allow his sons to take up any scientific career that is not directly and intimately associated with commercial enterprise, knowing well that he has little enough to hope for from the State, and hardly more from the community at large, where the pursuit of pure science is concerned. Yet from this pursuit results of profound importance to the human race have resulted. Our treatment of disease to-day, for example, has been transformed by the work of Metchnikoff on the common water flea; the researches of Laveran and Major Ross in connection with the mosquito and its relation to malaria; and, above all, by the antiseptic treatment in surgery discovered by the present Lord Lister. In Germany, and still more in the United States, the public weal is attended to in a far more efficient manner. There the endowment of research is regarded as a duty by the State, and is largely supplemented, in the case of our American cousins, by the gifts of rich men. Is it too much to hope that with these good examples before us it may not be long before we see a similar state of things in this country?

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Alistair Hay. Mrs. Alistair Hay is a daughter of Lord Greville, and married the Honourable Alistair Hay, a brother of the Earl of Kinnoull, in 1890.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



SO large a proportion of the time both of the House of Commons and of the public has been taken up by the Education Bill that it is not surprising to find, in reviewing the results of the first portion of the Parliamentary Session, that the amount of work accomplished which has any especial interest for agriculturists or sportsmen is not large. Among Bills which have received the Royal Assent are the Dogs Bill, for the prevention of the worrying of sheep and cattle by stray dogs, and the Ground Game Act, which relaxes the present restrictions in the killing of ground game by occupiers of heaths and commons. Mr. Joyce's Bill for the Regulation of Salmon Fisheries in Ireland has reached the Committee stage, but is likely to be smothered by the amendments which are piled up against it. Among Bills awaiting a second reading is that of Mr. Luttrell prohibiting the hunting of carted deer, the coursing of bagged rabbits or hares, and the shooting of birds from traps. Mr. Cairns' Bill, to relax the provisions of the Diseases of Animals Act in the matter of the importation of livestock, and that of Mr. Jesse Collings for the promotion of agricultural education in elementary schools, are in the same position.

Rain fell so heavily in the early hours of Monday—and, indeed, in some districts, all day—that little can be gathered from the reports so far received as to grouse in Northumberland and Cumberland, the North of Scotland, and Lancashire. Quite a number of moors were not shot at all, these including the Duke of Devonshire's in Derbyshire, the Studley Royal estate in Yorkshire, and many of those along Speyside; and several parties assembled for the 13th were unable to get out at all, owing to the effect on the ground of the previous week's heavy rains. In North Derbyshire, however, on the Bolton Moors in Yorkshire, and in North Wales some very fair sport was had, and bags of forty brace and over were made in Stirlingshire and Argyllshire. Birds are reported strong and wild, disease is not mentioned in the majority of cases, and, given some better weather later on, there seems to be no reason to despond about the sport to be obtained before the closing of the season.

The damage done by the recent hailstorm in Huntingdonshire is appalling. Valuers have appraised it at over £15,000, and unless help from outside sources be forthcoming, utter ruin, it is said, must overtake many of the farmers, and through them cause a terrible amount of distress among the labourers during the coming winter. This particular district, it may be remembered, was once the finest pasture-ground in the country, until it was ploughed up, when wheat, at Crimean prices, seemed to promise easily-made fortunes. Unfortunately, these prices were not maintained. Arable land cannot be made into old pasture in one year, or even five. Farmers have gone on growing wheat in this district with the utmost difficulty, and now this crushing blow has destroyed their year's work. It is a case where the nation at large may well give a helping hand.

The recently announced death of Captain G. B. Gosling (Rifle Brigade) at the age of thirty-three, in the wilds of Central Africa, is a particularly sad affair. After doing good military service for his country in India and South Africa—duly recognised by medals in return for severe wounds—he had been out on what was known as the Alexandra-Gosling expedition for the last two years, surveying Nigeria and contributing to natural

history and geographical science. Here he succumbed to black-water fever (which does its fatal work within twenty-four hours) when within 200 miles of the Nile, from whence he was about to return home after a highly successful mission. Bennett Gosling was a good specimen of the best type of Englishman. His death constitutes the first break among the seven brothers—sons of a former Master of the Puckeridge Foxhounds—whose names are so prominently associated with the best traditions of Eton—in cricket and football certainly, but also as good specimens of the results of a public school training. "R. C.," "W. S.," "G. B.," "A. H.," "L. D.," and "T. S." Gosling all played for Eton at football or cricket, some in both teams, and some also for Cambridge, the first for his county in cricket and his county in football. But "G. B." and "S. F." have also made a name for themselves in the polo-field. Four of the brothers served in the South African War, and "G. B." himself was severely wounded there.

THE LEAVES' LULLABY.

The leaflets on the branches,
They sing and murmur low,
To all the sleeping flowerets
That in the grasses grow:
"Sweet be your dreams, O blossoms!
On pillows green ye lie—
The winds above you whisper,
While we sing Lullaby,
Hushaby,
Lullaby!"

The dewdrops upon your petals
Shall be as kisses soft,
From yonder pale moon-mother,
Who wakes and walks aloft;
The waving of the tree-tops,
Above you where you lie,
Shall rock you into slumber,
While we sing Lullaby,
Hushaby,
Lullaby!"

And should there be a lover,
Unhappy maid or man,
Who wanders lone and sleepless,
As only lovers can,
Ah! woo that weary spirit,
With odours warm and shy,
And soothe it to oblivion,
While we sing Lullaby,
Hushaby,
Lullaby!"

MAY BYRON.

Among the many interesting papers read at the York Meeting of the British Association which has just come to a close, we would draw special attention to one read in the Botanical Section by Mr. T. Jamieson. And this because the author claims to have made what may prove to be a very momentous discovery. In short, he is convinced that he has found organs in several plants which serve for the direct absorption of nitrogen from the atmosphere. This, of course, traverses all our notions on this subject, since it is held to-day that plants obtain their supply of nitrogen, not from the air, but from the soil by means of their roots—a process which, in many plants at any rate, is greatly facilitated by the presence of suitable bacteria. The author had, he said, found on the common "spurry" a variety of hairs; and chemical tests had proved that these were generators of albumen. The organs in question being admirably adapted for nitrogen absorption, he examined next such cultivated plants as turnip, potato, beet, rape, carrot, lettuce, chicory, tobacco, geranium, petunia, daisy, and prunella, and in every case he found organs showing the same characteristics. It is significant that these plants require but little nitrogenous manure, whereas others, such as cereals and grasses, which do not possess these albumen generating organs, require much manuring for their supply of nitrogen. Naturally, before such a wide-reaching conclusion can be generally accepted, it must stand the test of criticism at the hands of those qualified to deal with the matter, and this we shall await with interest.

One of the most noticeable features of the whole meeting was the exhibition of collections of all sorts of things made by schoolboys in their leisure hours. Mr. Rowntree described, in a paper which he read to the education section, the system adopted at the school in question. It was by no means a collection of herbaria of the ordinary kind that was shown. The boys are left to follow their own inclination—they photograph birds, collect shells, flowers, insects or grasses, and so forth. The collections are almost invariably annotated and illustrated in notebooks, so that something is learned of the nature of the things collected; it is really a fine object-lesson of the value of intelligent Nature-study. How these things should not be done

was also described by Mr. Rowntree, who told a tale of a teacher telling a boy that he must collect something, with the result that the lad developed a melancholy mania for the labels of beer bottles. One of Mr. Rowntree's boys also has a peculiar taste, for he made, in over a dozen notebooks, a study of ecclesiastical vestments based upon drawings which he made from effigies, stained windows, and brasses. This boy, it should be noted, was under sixteen, and so, according to the theory solemnly propounded by the head-master of Eton, not in possession of reasoning faculties.

An addition of quite exceptional interest was made last week to the exhibition galleries of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, a superbly-mounted African elephant of huge proportions having been set up in the great central hall. This is not only the first specimen of its kind ever mounted in any museum in this country, but it is probably the only example of an adult animal that has ever taxed the skill of the taxidermist in any country. Standing 11ft. 4in. high, the most of its enormous bulk has been made by mounting it with extended trunk and cocked ears. This attitude has been chosen, not to secure the admiration of the megalomaniac, who may love to contemplate the fact that this monster measures no less than 23ft. in length, but to convey the idea of power and resistlessness which pre-eminently distinguishes these great beasts apart from their mere massiveness, which is far exceeded by the giant reptiles of ancient days. Although this animal had very nearly attained the maximum height of the species, it is by no means so well developed so far as the tusks are concerned. To give, therefore, a more correct idea of the typical animal, artificial tusks, proportionate to its size, have been placed in the skull, while the real tusks will be found near at hand, to enable those who may wish to see the actual size of these remarkable weapons. The mounting of beasts of this huge bulk is a task that could have been successfully carried out by few taxidermists, and certainly no one in this country would have come out of the ordeal so triumphantly as Mr. Rowland Ward of Piccadilly, who has, indeed, never achieved a more signal success.

This animal, a bull, was shot in Northern Rhodesia; and it now appears that although there may be but one species of African elephant, there are certainly several well-marked sub-species, which are distinguished, among other characters, by peculiarities in the form of the tusks. It is both curious and unfortunate that the fact should only recently have been discovered, inasmuch as the African elephant, it is to be feared, is within a measurable distance of extinction, a fact which will be deplored by sportsmen and naturalists alike. This approaching end must be viewed with something like dismay by the man of science, since in this country there is not a single museum which can boast a perfect skeleton of this species! Nor does it appear that museums on the Continent, or the great museums of the United States, are any better off.

About this time of year it is very common to see portions of anthills, and other places close to the exits and entrances of the galleries of some of our most common kinds of ants, covered with small whitish fragments of what look very much like the husks of corn. It is a likeness which has led many people to suppose that this is the chaff of corn which the ants, according to Solomon's account of them, are laying up for winter use. As a matter of fact, however, English ants do not store food in this way, and these fragments are pieces of the pupa shell or covering from which the insects in the imago state have lately escaped, and which are therefore turned out of the nests as rubbish. A look at them through a magnifying glass shows their character at once.

From the reports which we continue to receive, as one after another of those who have been angling for the Norwegian salmon return to England, we are forced to the conclusion that the general story of Norwegian salmon angling last year is to be repeated this—good water, everything promising, but very few fish. It is a story which, we fear, carries its explanation on its face. Nets at the rivers' mouths become more numerous, and the netmen become more clever at catching the fish. They cannot be caught by the net and by the rod also, and that is the obvious cause of the angler's failure. Unfortunately it is a story which can have but one *dénouement*, unless the Government of the country interferes.

We would direct the attention of those of our readers who are interested in ornithology to one or two simple problems which need solution, and which may be carried out with some success during the next few weeks. We allude to the matter of the autumn moult of birds. It is little to the credit of ornithologists in this country that so little is really known on this subject; in fact, our ignorance therein is immense. Take the commonest of our common birds, the ubiquitous sparrow, for example; how many are there among us who can tell, from first-hand observation, the time and duration of its annual moult? Or whether a second, partial moult is passed through? How many are there

who can tell the difference between the first plumage assumed on leaving the nest and that of the female; or whether this plumage is retained during its first year, or shed in the autumn for the garb of the adult? Now sparrows are numerous enough in all conscience; so much so, that their ranks are sadly in need of thinning. Those who feel inclined, therefore, to make an endeavour to add to our knowledge of the life history of this bird will be, at the same time, conferring a benefit on the agriculturist, for it is needless to remark that, for investigations of the kind suggested, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and to secure this intimate acquaintance, it will be necessary to employ a shot-gun!

But it is not only as regards the sparrow that our knowledge is so deficient, for, astonishing though it may be, there are but few of our native birds which have been closely studied in this connection. Though all, normally, moult once during the year, some moult twice, and a few even three times. In so far as our smaller "perching" birds are concerned, but one moult, in the autumn, takes place. But some species apparently undergo a partial moult in the spring; how far this is true remains to be seen. When we come to reckon up the number of those who profess an interest in the study of our bird fauna, when we come to seek information on this subject of moulting in the pages of the innumerable books which have appeared on the subject of our British birds, the meagreness of the information so far gathered on this head comes somewhat as a shock. As a matter of fact, the instincts of the mere "collector" would seem to be more powerful among us than those of the true student of Nature.

DROUTH.

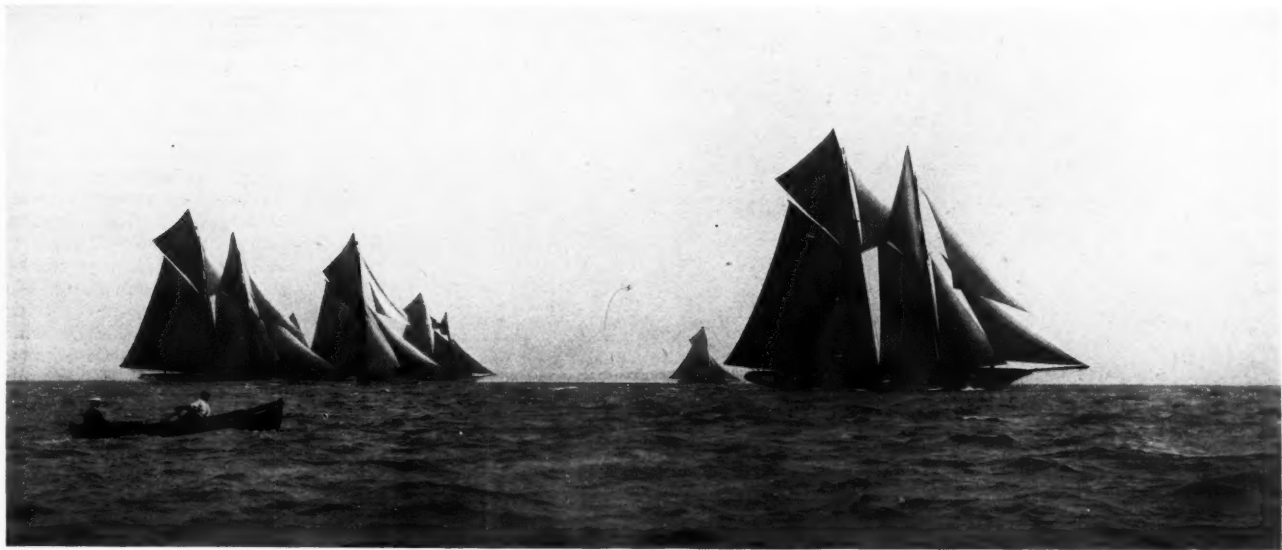
For weeks the molten sun hath trod
The pastures parched and dry;
And looked upon the thirsty sod
With fierce un pitying eye;
The drooping flow'rs cry out to God
To end their agony.
Oh for the cool refreshing showers
To fall on hill and plain,
To wash the dust from off the flowers
And give them health again!
We weary of the cloudless hours:
God send the healing rain!
And looking on this burning scene,
My heart its anguish wears—
My heart in which the drouth hath been
For years, and years, and years.
No tears can make it glad and green,
It is too dead for tears.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

The problems presented by coast erosion are beginning to occupy more and more seriously the attention of our authorities, and in some of their aspects have been very familiar along the Continental coasts for a great number of years. It is especially in the planting of lyme grass to bind the shifting sand dunes that we might take valuable lessons from the Continent. At the present time the Dutch appear to engage in this task most successfully, although the protection of the Llandes, accomplished by the planting of the seaward dunes with this grass and with the maritime pine, is no doubt the biggest work of the kind which is to be seen and the most complete in its success. A fine example of recent planting may be watched at Le Touquet, not far from Boulogne, where the march of some immense sand dunes has been entirely checked, and hundreds of acres of barren sand seem in process of being converted into solid and good ground. This was the work of a Dutchman, who was brought there for the purpose, and is more permanent in its character than the similar work which we do on our own Lancashire coasts. Unfortunately the shifting sand dune is only one aspect, and not the most formidable one, of the troubles caused by coast erosion.

County agricultural societies generally go through a good many vicissitudes, and have to add to their programmes attractions which will draw other visitors than those interested only in agriculture. The Yorkshire Agricultural Society was one of the last to add jumping competitions to its show, and at the one just held at Middlesbrough a military tournament on a small scale was included. In this instance the performance was given by the 18th Hussars, who are quartered at York, and so have, for the time being at any rate, a connection with the county. This sort of display by picked men of a fine regiment has doubtless a good effect on recruiting; but would it not be even better to have it done by the county yeomanry? True, the finished horsemanship of the regulars might be lacking; but the interest of the spectators would be stimulated by the fact that their own brothers, sons, or husbands were actually taking part, and so the show-yard would become an excellent recruiting ground.

YACHTING AND THE COWES REGATTA.



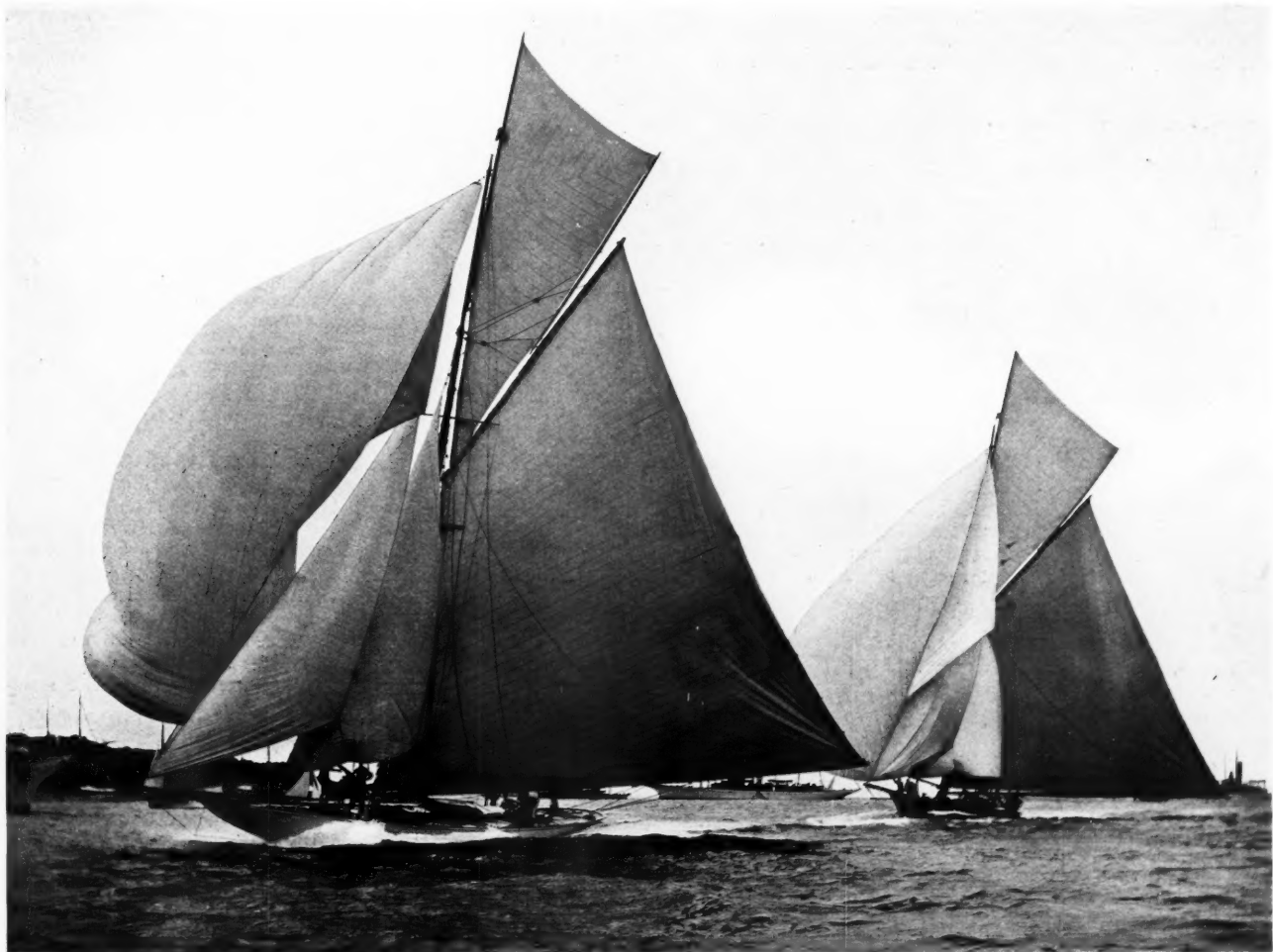
Kirk and Sons.

THE START FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

Copyright.

COWES WEEK now marks the beginning of the end of the yachting season. Ryde Week, of course, follows, and the Western Regattas; but of late years the snap may be said to be out of the sport by the time the last winning gun has been fired at Ryde. True, some of the yachts still follow the old practice, and figure at Weymouth, Torquay, and Dartmouth; but the times have departed since owners would make up a sweepstake among themselves for a race from the Solent to Weymouth, which was the prelude to another series of contests off the picturesque harbours of the West. For several seasons the racing fleet, with a few exceptions, have not showed their noses past the Needles; but this year, I am happy to say, there seems to be more likelihood of a revival of the old practice, as one does not hear so much of

owners laying their vessels up with valuable prizes still to be competed for. Navahoe is the only big craft which so far has hauled down her racing flag. She finished with Friday's race for the Royal Yacht Squadron prizes, when, though she crossed the finishing-line first, she had to be content with only a third prize through losing ten minutes at the start. This, too, through a technical error which has lost a prize to many a good ship, and, strange to say, was the means of robbing Mr. Claude Cayley's Adela of a first prize in the schooner race on the same day. The Prince Consort Buoy was the obstacle in each case. According to the sailing instructions, this mark has to be passed on the north side. In the two instances referred to, the yachts passed it on the Island side. In the case of Navahoe, Captain Sycamore discovered his error immediately,



Kirk and Sons,

CREOLE AND BRITOMART.

Copyright.



Kirk and Sons.

WHITE HEATHER.

Copyright.

but the Roads were too crowded with craft, big and little, to enable him, with a hot tide running to the eastward, simply to loop round the mark and pass it on the right side. He was obliged to reach back to the starting-line and recross before he could get the yawl set on her course again. This gave her opponents an addition to their handicaps that Navahoe was unable to wipe off, though Sycamore pushed his fine vessel hard, keeping her jackyard aloft at a time when all the

others, with one exception, had sent their big topsails on deck and substituted jib-headed canvas. The one exception was Merrymaid, and she suffered heavily for her temerity. When off the opening of the Medina River a harder slam than usual caught her. The yacht laid over until it seemed almost as if she would capsize unless something went. The modern racing craft, however, with their heavy lead keels, never capsize. In the tug-of-war between keel and spars and gear, it is always the keel that wins; something aloft goes, and this time it was Merrymaid's mainmast which broke off just below the hounds of the rigging. But to return to the evil influence of the Prince Consort Buoy. Adela just managed to squeeze home in the schooner race by the narrow margin of one second from the German Emperor's Meteor. She, however, inadvertently passed the fatal buoy on the wrong side when reaching home on the second round. This infraction of the rules was noticed by Colonel Bagot, who was sailing as owner's representative in Herr Max Guillaume's Clara, and who promptly hoisted a protest flag. There was nothing for the sailing committee to do but to disqualify Adela. Mr. Cayley was naturally chagrined at thus getting

the prize snatched from his grasp, more particularly as Adela is such a stoutly-built vessel that prizes do not often come his way, but I hear that his crew got their winning money all the same. In the same sportsmanlike spirit, Mr. Young, the owner of the new Gosport cutter Nyria, busied himself on Tuesday in arranging a private race on Y.R.A. time allowances between his own craft Navahoe and White Heather, as there was no race for which they could enter on Wednesday. The Squadron

helped matters along by adding £25 to the sweepstake. Contrary to the rule by which the proposer of "Tommy Dod" generally gets let in, Nyria won, her most dangerous opponent, White Heather, striking a calm patch and having to kedge, while the others were lucky enough to hold just enough wind to keep going. While she was hung up on her hook waiting for a breeze, those aboard White Heather had the amusing experience of seeing a little rater which picked up a fitful air or two from no one knows where sail round her. Talking of calm patches and flukes of wind, it may not be generally known that the late Captain Houston when sailing on that home of fluky courses, the Clyde, used, when the Doldrums came, to give up the tiller and direct the vessel's course from the cross-trees. In this way the wily Largs skipper saved many a race.

Nyria took two firsts and a second during the week, a very creditable performance, considering that Monday was her first appearance after the accident at Ostend the week before, when in a heavy blow with a nasty jumpon the sea her hollow mast collapsed and everything went by the board. She is now sailing with a solid pine mast, and seems none the worse for



Kirk and Sons.

NYRIA.

Copyright.

the mishap. To have entirely refitted the vessel in the space of only one week speaks volumes for the smartness of Camper and Nicholson, who took the job in hand, and Ratseys the sail-makers. Kariad, Sir James Pender's new purchase, made her first bow in yawl rig, but the alteration in sail plan does not seem to have improved her. The feature of the week was Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's success in securing two Royal trophies with his beautiful yawl *Satanita*, a double event which is unique. She won the King's Cup in the Squadron race on Tuesday, and the German Emperor's Cup on Wednesday, thus making a handsome addition to the three Queen's Cups which have already fallen to her. Another consistent performer, whom years do not seem to affect, Colonel Bagot's *Creole*, also gave a good account of herself. In the Royal London handicap on Monday, though crossing the starting-line 22 min. late, she eventually got ahead of the fleet and finished first, a result largely, if not entirely, due to the fact that her owner cleverly worked the northern shore, and always found some wind to help her along, while the others were becalmed. On Wednesday, in the German Emperor's Cup, she finished a good second, and on Thursday she won the handicap for the Town prize. Not bad for a yacht in her eighteenth year! The German Emperor's *Meteor* took the first prize for schooners which *Adela* sacrificed, and second prize in the schooner race under the burgee of the Royal London, the first going to *Clara*. The racing in the 52-footer class was not so close as usual, but what is popularly known as the ex-52-footer class afforded a lot of sport, *Gauntlet*, owned and sailed by Mr. J. R. Payne, one of the cleverest Corinthian sailors afloat, carrying off most of the honours.

FROM THE FARMS.

TRING SHOW.

WEATHER that was cloudy, but dry and not unpleasant, favoured the annual exhibition at Tring. This was lucky, because it is pre-eminently a gathering point for the neighbouring farmers. The number of motor-cars that came snorting up to Lord Rothschild's park, the vast and miscellaneous assortment of horse carriages, ranging from omnibuses and wagonettes to the tiniest donkey-carts, and including samples of every kind of vehicle in which a farmer has driven to market, the bicycles and riding-horses, testified to the interest this event evokes among all classes in this agricultural district. Many who have themselves never exhibited, and never intend to exhibit, go to Tring for practical hints as well as a day's amusement. One could hear from their conversation that they applied what they saw to their own circumstances. Indeed, some of the dairymen

drew long faces as they compared the average yield of their cows with such winners as Mr. Vosper Smith's *Primula II.*, a South Devon that yielded 57lb. 8oz. of milk, and Mr. Barnard's *Myrtle*, a non-pedigree animal that yielded 60lb. 4oz. of milk. "I wish my byres held forty like her," one dairy-farmer remarked, to whom his companion replied, "Ay, she's is the right for we—what I call a dairyman's cow." Nor were appreciative admirers lacking for such fine cows as Captain Smith-Neill's *Geraldine* or



Kirk and Sons.

SATANITA IN THE RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP.

Copyright.



Kirk and Sons.

SONYA.

Copyright.

Louisiana Loo, whose portrait appeared in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE*. To complete the instructiveness of the exhibition, what was wanted was a statement showing the quantities of food given to the prize-winners and the cost thereof. What suggested this reflection was the success of Lord Rayleigh's cow Rachel II., for many of the spectators were acquainted with the fact that Lord Rayleigh has applied his scientific habit of thinking to the question of economical feeding. Probably no other herd in the kingdom is managed on more careful calculations, and if he can win prizes as well as feed cheaply, he has achieved a triumph indeed. The strength of Dr. Watney's herd, on the other hand, lies in its breeding—a subject on which it is scarcely possible that even the hybridisation conference can teach the owner much. Nothing impresses the value of science on the practical farmer so much as results like the successes of Doctor, Guenons Lady, and Red Maple. And the same methods have prevailed at a great succession of shows. We lay stress on this side of the show because it is the distinctive feature. To another class of visitors the sheepdog trials were just as attractive. Every year they seem to draw an increasing number of spectators, and one cannot wonder at it, as the training of the dogs has been raised to so high a point of perfection. It is curious, however, that the shepherds do not seem to take kindly to pure-bred dogs, either hobbys or collies, an overwhelming majority of the competitors being mongrels. The other departments of the show were up to a high level, many of the winning Shires of the year being on view. In shorthorns Mr. Adeane was all to the front. The classes for sheep and pigs were very well filled. Perhaps one reason why this exhibition is so uniformly successful is that so much is crowded into a single day. Something interesting is going on all the time, and the hours pass only too swiftly when there are so many attractions—horse-jumping, dairy, and other competitions, and trials of various sorts. But the programme is well arranged, and the largest crowd does not bulk greatly in the magnificent park that Lord Rothschild lends every year.

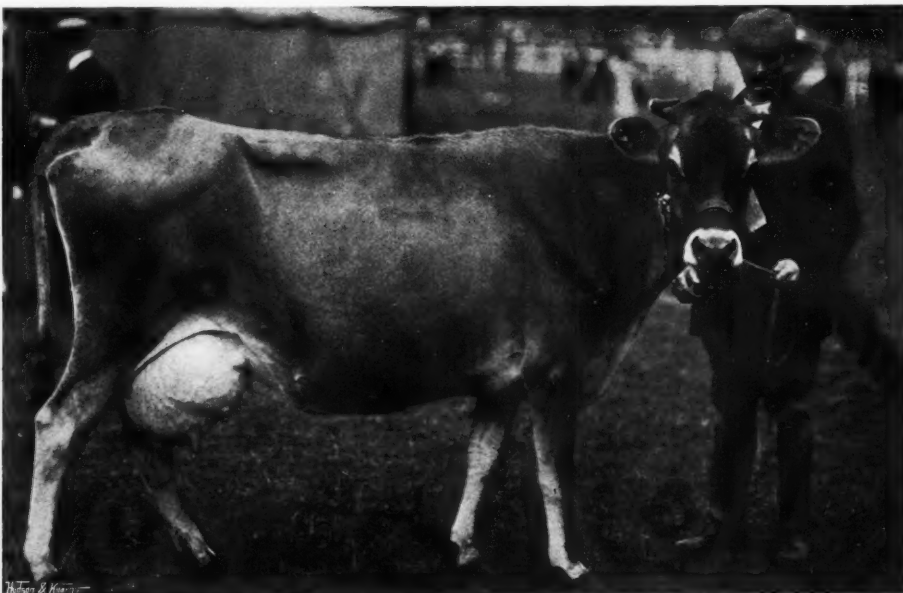
THE ESTATE SHOW.

It would be greatly to be regretted if this institution were to decrease in its popularity, but there seems to be no small danger of that occurring. The Duke of Portland set the excellent example of holding estate shows, but for some years past the one at Welbeck has in one respect shown a falling off. That occurred

which, though it has gained in national importance, has possibly lost some of its local attractiveness; and of similar institutions we have, perhaps, enough already, admirable though they be.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DOCKS.

In the middle of summer it is a common thing to find, in gateways, round ricks, and in other odd corners, the docks that the farmer has had rooted up (as far as any dock can be rooted



J. T. Newman.

GERALDINE.

Copyright.

up) from his fields. But he should go a step further, and burn them. However immature they were when grubbed, it is astonishing how their seed will ripen lying in the sun; and this is proved by the fact that in those very gateways can be found quite a crop, the produce of former years. It is unwise, for the same reason, to make them into rick bedding; often the site of an old rick can be determined by the growth of docks in an otherwise clean field.

A HINT TO BEE-KEEPERS.

Many a one has watched with admiration, not unmixed with awe, the fearless handling of bees by some local expert. Confidence, of course, has a great deal to do with his invulnerability, but searching enquiry will probably elicit the fact that he has rubbed his skin with some preparation which the bees detest, such as strong carbolic soap, for instance; and this may be a useful piece of knowledge to anyone who, perforce, has on occasion to handle a swarm or take a wasps' nest.

HIGH PRICES FOR RAMS.

At the annual letting of the ram lambs of the Winterborne Stoke Hampshire Down flock at Salisbury the other day, two actually realised 325 guineas, and the average hiring price of eight animals was no less than £82. It is interesting to note that the two that took the top prices were twins. The labour, expense, and brains which have been devoted to developing this fine breed are indeed reaping a well-deserved reward.

THE GREAT SHEEP-PRODUCING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD.

A good deal has been written of late about the high quality of the stock imported into the Argentine. This country already claims to pasture more sheep than any other, its flocks numbering 74,000,000 odd against Australia's 72,000,000, we ourselves ranking fifth with

29,000,000. Indeed, so great is the boom in stock-raising out there just now, that it is said no one has any money to invest in anything but land, and for railway shares and other commercial securities purchasers are few and far between. For younger sons and farmers with a little capital who desire to make money, and make it quickly, this country would appear to offer a great opportunity at the present time.



J. T. Newman

PRIMULA II.

Copyright.

in its attraction for visitors. The quality of the show has improved in every way. Entries are satisfactory, and the stock annually shows signs of improvement, but the gate-money has diminished so much that the committee has had to curtail the prize-list. It is hard to see the reason for this, but possibly the wider lines on which it is run may have something to do with it. At first it was a simple review of the estate, now it is an exhibition

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MARY E. MANN is one of the most capable of living novelists, and her latest book, *The Eglamore Portraits* (Methuen), is worthy of her reputation. It illustrates a modern characteristic, namely, economy in the use of material. Older writers used to like a big canvas full of figures, many of them full-length likenesses, some lightly sketched in, a few suggested in an impressionist way rather than drawn. If we recall the number of characters in an old-fashioned novel, the truth of the remark will be at once apparent. "Ivanhoe" is almost an attempt to picture all the classes of its time from King Richard to the swineherd, from the Jew usurer to the gay and gallant de Bray. Jester and jolly friar, outlaw and rich priest, Saxonthane and Norman knight, ancient sybil and young maiden, afford as much diversity as we find in Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims." In "Tom Jones," too, a whole world is rendered, squire and gamekeeper, Lady Bellaston and Molly Seagrim, Sophia and Mistress Honour, gay spark and learned philosopher, pedant and demirep. The life of the pleasant materialistic eighteenth century passes before us. Thackeray, Dickens, Dumas, George Eliot, Zola, much as they differed in other respects, had this in common, that they liked the stage to be crowded with actors. Cervantes and Le Sage, too—how they seemed to rejoice in crowds and variety. Latterly, however, the novelist has tended to become more economical. During the last ten or fifteen years a great many books have been published which depended for their interest on the presentation of the characters of not more than one, two, or, at the most, three people. Such is Miss Mann's new book. Its characters are small in number, and the only two really elaborated are a man's

His complaint is not selfish; it is made because he sees it likely that she will "ruin the happiness of our girl's home as you have ruined mine"; and the phrases ring in her ears after he has passed "where beyond the voices there is peace." The scene of the story corresponds with the rest of it—a provincial town near Birmingham. In a few terse phrases we get the atmosphere of a little country town which to its inhabitants is "the hub of the universe":

Mrs. Cummin, a person by no means accustomed to the situation at present described as being "out of it"—indeed, generally a leader of conversation in her own circle—started, with courage and perseverance, subjects on which she and Juliet were fitted to discourse: Birmingham subjects. The rest listened with polite indifference. What were the affairs of Birmingham to a man with luck enough to have been born in Hale? She wished to tell a story concerning her own horses and the motor-car of a neighbour. The story reminded Mrs. Plain of the fact that Popham's children's donkey, which had last Tuesday lain down in the High Street and attempted to roll with the youngest Popham on its back, was now sold to the local fruiterer. She introduced and told with spirit a tale of a celebrated political meeting at which her husband had heard a repartee, well worth the repeating, from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Juliet and her husband, who had heard the witticism before, were prepared to laugh, as in duty bound. The attention of Mr. Isaac Eglamore, who was deaf, was arrested.

"Was that old Chambers in the High Street?" he asked; and when it was explained to him that the *feu d'esprit* emanated not from the lips of the Hale butcher, but of the Member for Birmingham, he took no further interest.

It only remains to add that to suit this small group of characters and narrow stage the plot consists of a single incident and its consequences. The mother-in-law preparing for the return from the honeymoon takes down the portraits of the husband's father and mother and replaces them with two copies of Landseer, a proceeding against which the husband naturally



H. Hopkins.

THE ROAD TO THE HORSE FAIR.

Copyright.

wife and his mother-in-law, for the man himself, Clarence Eglamore, is simply the ideal husband, too close to perfection to be as interesting as the novelist designed. But the weak, fond wife, whose love is divided between husband and mother, is drawn with an unerring hand. She is drawn with a single touch almost in the first page of the book:

"My dear Clarence," she said, "and how have you been getting on? Why you look quite handsome: and five years younger!"

"Yes, mother," the daughter cried. "Doesn't he look sweet? Every day I tell him how positively sweet he looks."

She was telling him so now before the two servants who were engaged with the luggage in the hall. They repeated the remarks afterwards in the kitchen amid yells of laughter, and for days caught each other by the chin between finger and thumb, turned up a common female face, and demanded in accents which only to them would recall the clear, high tones of their young mistress: "Doesn't he look sweet?"

It will scarcely be believed that, after all the hackneyed jesting of all the ages, Miss Mann has been able to render a disagreeable mother-in-law with as much freshness and interest as though she were dealing with a subject entirely unhackneyed. But so it is, and the reason is not hard to find. The novelist was not thinking of mothers-in-law, but of a certain temperament, a quality of egotism that contains in itself the seeds of tragedy. Mrs. Cummin possesses to the full that mental, moral, and spiritual arrogance which would dictate what to do to all the rest of the world, and the self-satisfaction which the reproaches of others cannot penetrate. Her good-natured, submissive husband says to her just before dying, when a new insight into life is so often accorded:

"You act, as you always claim to do, for the best; I grant it. Yet you have wrought with your tongue and your temper more harm in my life than if you had been a drunkard or a vicious woman."

protests. The sounding title is perhaps the only inappropriate thing in the book; it is too magnificent for the simple plot. The humour of the situation lies largely in a self-confident old lady's implicit belief that a copy of "Dignity and Impudence" is a more "artistic" ornament than a well-painted but dingy, and to the ordinary eye undistinguished, portrait of the owner's father. The germ of the quarrel will be found in the following passage:

"Oh!" she cried; "how industrious you have been, mother! You have hung Cousin Anna's pictures already. Aren't they clever? Don't they look sweet there, Clarence?"

"They do indeed," Clarence said. He had turned in his chair, his elbow on the table, and he drew his fingers slowly down the freshly shaved portion of his cheek. He hardly opened his teeth in speaking, his lower lip stuck out.

"Where are the portraits which hung in those places?" he asked.

"Put away with the other things," Mrs. Cummin told him glibly.

"There is positively a cartload of things, Clarence, to go away. I can't think what you'll do with them. Such rubbish! Put them in a rummage sale, I should suggest, or let the servants' mothers have them for the carrying home, or—"

"I see," Clarence said, slowly interrupting. "But these—the portraits which hung there—happen to be those of my father and mother, Mrs. Cummin."

"Oh!" Juliet cried. Her husband was a reserved man. Until his marriage he had never, unless compelled to do so, mentioned the names of his parents, who were dead. Since that time she had learnt that their memory was very dear to him.

"We can bring them back again," she hastened to say, and looked at him with a concerned face; "Cousin Anna's pictures can go somewhere else, mother."

"There is nowhere they look so well," Mrs. Cummin said with her tone of finality. "It is the only position in the house which shows them to advantage. I tried them in every room, in every light. I spared no trouble."

"I'm certain you did not, mother," Juliet cried. The elder lady was evidently ruffled. It was an easy matter to offend Mrs. Cummin, as they of her household knew well.

"It would be an insult to Cousin Anna and her genius not to give a place of honour to her pictures!"

"And, meanwhile, to what place of dishonour have you banished my father's and mother's portraits?" Clarence asked.

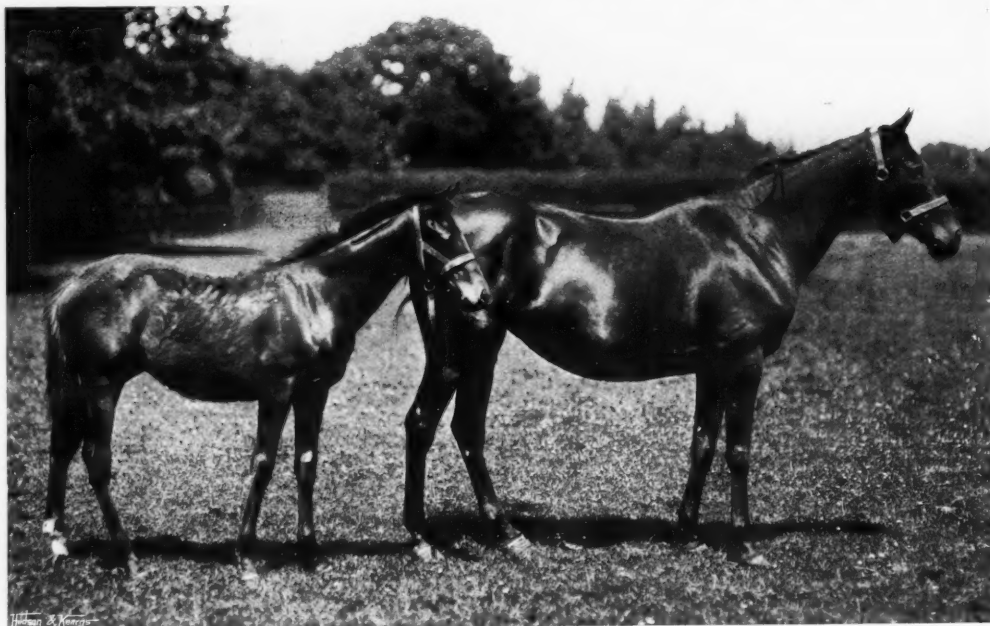
"Well, really, at this moment I can't exactly tax my memory to tell

you. The taking down of two old pictures to make room for two new ones didn't strike me as exactly a matter of importance, you see."

Thus the book seems to be in every way slight of construction, and yet the reader will not find it so. The authoress has managed to surmount every difficulty, and the attention of the reader never flags from beginning to end; a result no doubt partly due to the admirable style of the writing.

THE WARREN TOWERS STUD.

THE good pony in the shafts steps out with greater freedom as we pass out of the burningsunshine into the cool shade of the trees which border "The Duchess's Drive," on the way to the Stud Farm which Sir Daniel Cooper has built for himself hard by the pleasant village of Cheveley. Built of the flintstones which are plentiful in the neighbourhood and faced with red bricks, the stud buildings are very practical in construction and cosy in appearance. The boxes are roomy, very lofty, well ventilated, and also well lighted, windows being provided at the back as well as in front. The way to what may be called the home paddocks lies through a passage, on the left-hand side of which is a large roofed-in straw-yard, wherein at the present time four well-bred bullocks are making themselves ready for Christmas festivities. They are all good beasts, and one of them in particular is an exceptionally level and well-grown specimen of the cross between the shorthorn and polled Aberdeen-Angus, which appears to be an excellent breed as far as flesh-carrying properties are concerned. It is a glorious summer day, and as we open the gate leading into the first of the paddocks and stand for a minute in the sunshine, the whole air is full of the fragrance of the fresh-cut hay, the making and saving of which are in progress under the supervision of W. Spire, to whom Sir D. Cooper has entrusted the care of his breeding establishment. Yonder in the left-hand corner of the paddock is Float, a good bay mare of the No. 1 family, by Sheen out of Footlight, by Cremorne. She is the dam of that good horse Flotsam, who besides winning such races as the



W. A. Rouch.

CONCERTINA AND COLT FOAL BY RIGHTAWAY.

Copyright.

Middle Park Plate, Imperial Produce Stakes, Sandringham Foal Stakes, and the Newmarket Stakes, was never beaten out of a place for any race in which she took part. With her now is a bay filly foal by St. Frusquin, and therefore own sister to Flotsam. What the future may have in store for this well-bred youngster no man can say; but she is bred to race, she is quite big enough, she moves well, and has plenty of strength in the right places, so that there is every reason to think that she will do credit to the popular colours of her owner when the time comes for her to bear them in the press and struggle of the race-course. Turning round at the sound of a dainty footfall, I find myself being taken stock of by a bonnie daughter of St. Frusquin and Glare. She has inherited

no small portion of the quality of her dam, and her short back, well-placed shoulders, and strong loins should stand her in good stead when her turn comes to go through the discipline of the training stable. She is an own sister to that beautiful mare Flair, whose untimely break down prevented her from winning the Oaks, and, perhaps, the Derby as well, for Sir Daniel. The breeding of Flair and, therefore, of the youngster we have just been looking at, is of considerable interest, especially to those who follow the line of reasoning which guided Bruce Lowe in his classification of the leading families of thoroughbred horses. Her dam, Glare, is of the No. 1 or principal "running" family, and additional vigour and vitality is to be looked for in the produce of her mating with such a horse as St. Frusquin. Glare herself is a brood mare of exceptional quality, and she unquestionably could gallop in her two year old racing days, when she won four races, including the



W. A. Rouch.

EDMÉE AND HER FILLY FOAL BY PERSIMMON.

Copyright.



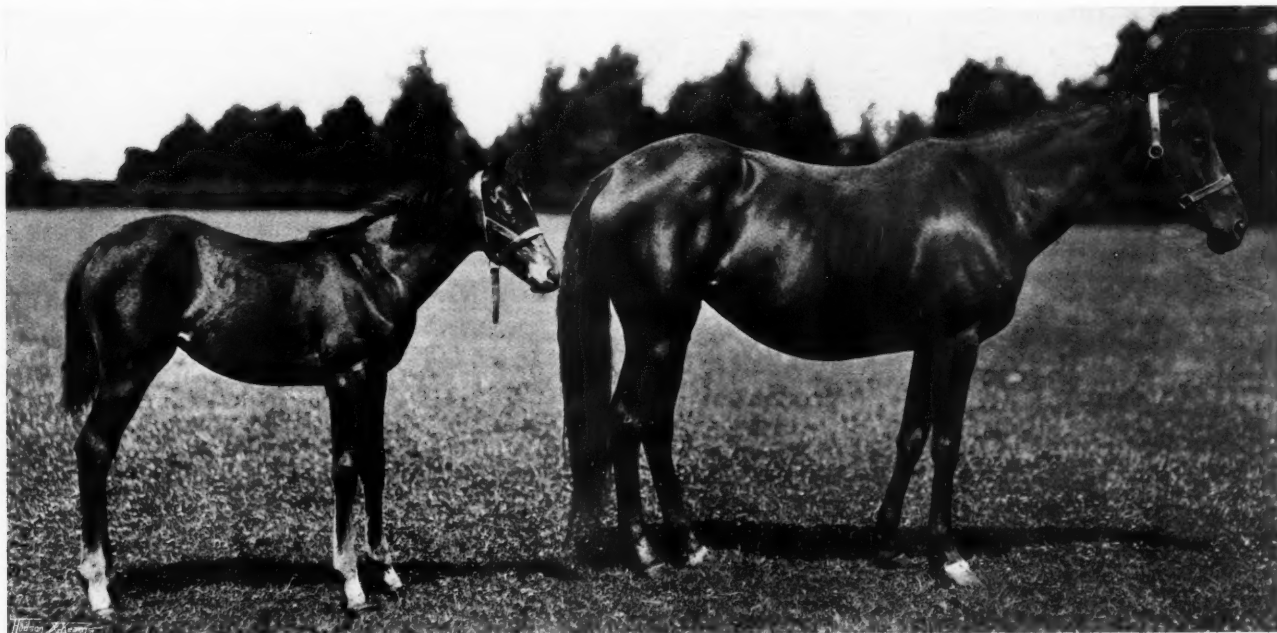
W. A. Rouch.

GLARE AND FILLY FOAL BY ST. FRUSQUIN.

Copyright.

Brocklesby and the Fern Hill Stakes. Of quite a different type to Glare is Edmée, a sturdy chestnut mare by Juggler out of Pink Pearl; she does not much like being caught and asked to stand for her picture, for she has an abiding conviction that "there is so much to eat and so little time for eating." However, at last she consents, though with none too good a grace, and one gets an opportunity of having a good look at her great, upstanding daughter by Persimmon. One never quite knows what to expect from these big youngsters which Persimmon so often gets. Nearly all of them are good-looking, but many of them are lacking in energy and vitality when asked to race, though it cannot be forgotten that some of the daughters of this sire are of transcendent merit. Of this one it may be said that she possesses the framework and shape which should go to the making of a first-class filly; and that, moreover, she has about her a distinct individuality of her own. Next comes a chestnut daughter of Flotsam out of that well-bred mare Queen Isolde, by Tristan out of Reprieve, her dam Prowess, half-sister to Kingcraft. There is much to like about this foal; she is, perhaps, a little longer in the cannon bones than one would choose, but she has plenty of bone, good knees and hocks, and great power in her loins and quarters. A rare stamp of a powerful roomy brood mare is Myakka, bred in the United States by that very successful horse Sensation out of Magnetic, and she is followed by a lengthy, game-looking colt foal by Flotsam. Concertina, by St. Simon out of Comic Song, was never trained; she has a curious dip on the top of the loins, but is a beautiful mare, and her colt foal by Rightaway is quite a useful sort,

though one might wish that he had a little more bone. When St. Cecilia, by St. Serf out of Melody, was but a yearling she met with an accident which put an end to all ideas of training her; but she has grown into a remarkably nice brood mare, and her colt foal by Wildfowler looks like racing one of these days. The next paddock is given up for the time being to some very useful beasts, shorthorn and polled Angus, and uncommonly well they are doing; but we pass them by and go on to another enclosure, where alone in his glory is a really good Melton colt out of Concertina. He has a light and easy action, well-placed shoulders, good loins, and shows a lot of quality. Spire, in whose charge we are, leads the way across the road to a paddock in which is a big yearling colt by Gallinule out of Float, and a high-class colt he is; if he does not race, there is nothing in breeding or in make and shape. He combines power and quality; his reach and rein are quite remarkable, he has plenty of length and scope, good loins, and is by no means wanting in bone. Fleta, a nice young mare by St. Simon out of Float, is enjoying herself in a large circular paddock, bounded on one side by the dry moat of the old manor house of Banstead, which makes a pretty picture with its sloping lawn and wealth of flowers. One would willingly linger a while; but Spire has a knack of getting over the ground, and I think his thoughts are busy with the saving of the heavy crop of hay which is ready for stacking; and so we follow him on to another enclosure, where four yearling fillies are showing their appreciation of the sweet pasturage and the summer sun. Among them the bay sister to that bonnie mare Flair stands pre-eminent, as



W. A. Rouch.

FLOAT AND FILLY FOAL BY ST. FRUSQUIN.

Copyright.



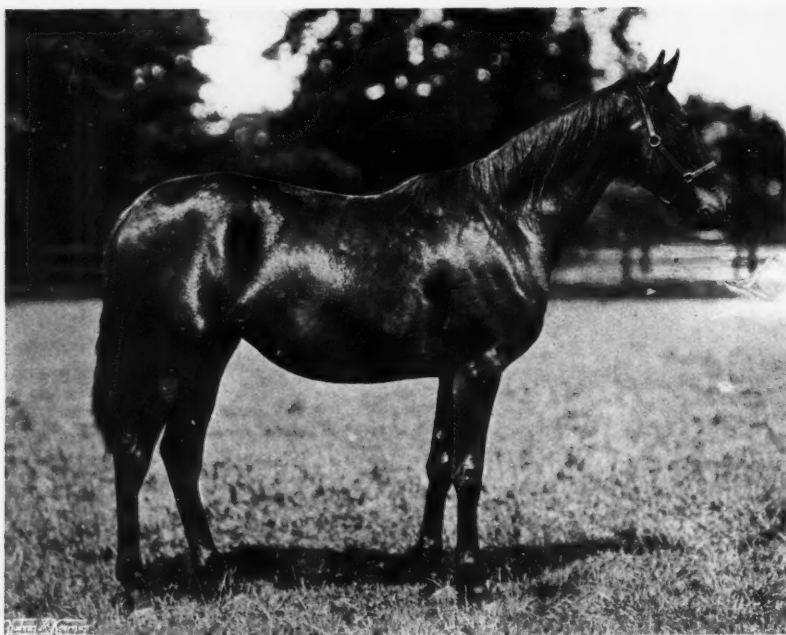
W. A. Rouch. YEARLING COLT BY GALLINULE—FLOAT.

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch. YEARLING FILLY BY ST. FRUSQUIN—GLARE.

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch. YEARLING FILLY BY ST. FRUSQUIN—MELODY.

Copyright.

far as looks are concerned. She is good everywhere; her shoulders are well placed, her forearms are muscular, there is plenty of liberty about the elbows, and there is no lack of propelling power in the strong, well-turned quarters and well-developed second thighs. There is the length and scope of a race-horse, and quality is not lacking. It may be rash to prophesy, but one cannot help thinking that one of these days this youngster will make amends to Sir Daniel for the accident which cut short the racing career of her elder sister just when hope was at its highest and the great prizes of the Turf appeared to be within her grasp. The filly who is trotting towards me is a chestnut daughter of Orme and Silver Thread (own sister to Glare); and a sharp, racing-like youngster she is—just the sort to come early to hand, and to give a taste of her quality in some of the four-furlong races at the beginning of next year. Then there is a dark bay or brown filly by St. Frusquin out of Melody, a well-bred mare of the No. 3 family, by Tynedale out of Glee, sister to Border Minstrel. The filly takes after her sire about the forehead, her loins are good, and she appears to possess the vitality and energy which are necessary qualities in a race-horse. Last of the quartette to come up for inspection is a great raking chestnut filly by Newhaven out of Edmée. It is time to be getting back to Newmarket, and while we are waiting for the pony to be harnessed there is just time for a look at Flair herself. She is, indeed, a lovely mare, full of quality, and yet with tremendous power and size. Very kindly of disposition, and with an expression of great intelligence, I think she understands that we have come to sympathise with her and admire her. The Stud Farm is well adapted for the purposes of such an establishment, and Sir Daniel Cooper himself takes great interest in all its details, and in the welfare of his horses both in the paddock and on the race-course. I think I am right in saying that he would infinitely sooner lose a race, no matter of what importance, than see one of them unduly punished or distressed. It is needless to say that he breeds, as he races, entirely for his own amusement, and one may perhaps be permitted to add that he is in his right place as a member of the Jockey Club.

T. H. B.

POINTS IN THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE SALMON

OUR ignorance about salmon is so much more extensive than our knowledge that when we do happen to chance on a fact in the salmon's life history which is new and illuminating it is worth while to draw rather particular attention to it. Such a fact has come to the present writer's notice recently. There is a certain estate in the North of Scotland, the owner of which possesses certain fresh-water lochs, and also the right of salmon netting in the sea. In order to ensure getting a good supply of fry the owner takes some of the best fish which he catches in the sea, places them in one of the lochs until they are spawned, and then puts them back into one of the burns leading to the sea. Sometimes he will catch the fish as early as June and keep them in the loch all the summer until the spawning-time. Now, among several other curious facts which the business has given him the opportunity for noting, is the fact that some of these fish do not spawn at all, that they never come into the condition for spawning, and he finds that these fish which do not spawn do not become red in colour and soft in the flesh like those which do spawn, and like all the fish which we are accustomed to see after they have been in fresh water for a little while. It may be said, by the by, that none of the fish, whether spawning fish or otherwise, ever seems to take any food in the loch; and yet, curiously enough, the barren fish preserve their silvery look and their condition.

This fact, of a certain proportion of the fish not spawning, is of importance for its bearing on the often-vexed question whether all salmon ascend a river or seek fresh water annually without fail. The present writer has to confess that for him the theory that the salmon might remain for more than a year in the sea presents no difficulty

of acceptance at all. It is a theory which well explains why there is not always the same supply of salmon in the rivers year after year. People will ask "Where can the fish have gone?" and will argue that the fact of their non-appearance constantly in the same numbers implies that they have gone to some other river than that of their usual resort. But why do we require this difficult hypothesis, for which there is, by the by, a good deal by way of disproof, since we do not, in point of fact, find that when one river does not get its *quantum* of fish the neighbouring rivers benefit? Surely it is far more simple to suppose that they remain in the sea, barren fish for that season. And if it is a simple supposition, it is also one which seems to gain enormous support from the fact that some of the fish thus taken from the sea on this far Northern coast and placed in a fresh-water loch do not spawn or exhibit any of the characteristic changes of salmon voluntarily seeking fresh water.

Another curious fact which has come out in course of the observations made on the fish which are treated in this way is that different individuals spawn at different times of the year; and this, without any regard to their size or age. On some rivers the rule seems to be that grilse and smaller salmon come up rather earlier than the bigger fish for spawning purposes, but in the case of these salmon thus taken from the sea and put into the fresh water it seems that they mature for spawning, according to Nature's plan, at all sorts of different times through the summer and autumn, whether they be big fish or small, old fish or young. Whether from any of these facts anyone will be ingenious enough to hammer out a theory which will answer the very

difficult question why some fish ascend our rivers in the spring one hardly knows. They seem as if they might shed a little light upon it. The obvious answer would be that since fish spawn at such different times, these have probably come up to spawn. But do we find them thus early on the spawning-beds? It would seem that they have not been found there. Does this amount to proof that they do not go there, or does it create a suspicion that our observations may have been defective? Another fact which is curious enough in itself, though it does not throw the same light on any of the principally-discussed points about the salmon's life story, has to do with a kelt which, having spawned, was marked and put back into a burn leading to the sea, and was found within a week many miles up the neighbouring Thurso river. Although this fish had spawned it would seem as if it had not had as much fresh water as it wanted, and therefore returned. It may, or may not, have been a fish native to the Thurso. The regularity of salmon in returning to their natal rivers is still among the many points in dispute. For the value of its bearing on this point, it may be noted that for two successive years, on the same date, the same fish has been found behind the same stone in a Northern Scottish river. The above case of the kelt, forcibly put into a burn and then ascending a river, is interesting from more than one point of view. It is singular, perhaps, that a fish in its condition should have the vigour, even if it had the wish, to ascend against the current; but the most curious point of all about it is that it should still be wishing for fresh water after the function which we believe to be the chief end for which salmon come into the fresh water at all had been fulfilled.

IN SUMMER WOODS.



A SEA OF BRACKEN.

YOU do not know how green, green can be till you lie on your back and look up at the green of beech or oak leaves against the blue sky, with the sun shining through—

The branches cross above our heads,
The skies are in a net.

It is like the light that shines in water, that translucent green light of leaves unstirred in the hush of a July afternoon. By the appearance of the ground we can tell under what trees we lie. Under the oaks all is lush and tangled; clumps of hazel bushes with the clusters of white filberts slowly ripening, thickets of strong

bramble starred with pinkish blossoms, lady fern and hart's-tongue flourishing in the damp shade, the generous oak welcomes all, and harbours a thousand little plants and woodland blossoms. The beech is more exclusive. The earth here is bare and fine with the assimilation of hundreds of harvests of beech mast and leaf, but how the bracken grows here, how strong and erect it rises in great smooth islands, growing, growing, till it overtops our heads. What country child has not known the fun of plumping into a sea of bracken, leaning this way and that against its supple strength, hiding in the golden light under the wide fronds, and inhaling the fresh, nutty smell of the crushed fern?



UNDER THE FIR TREES.

A most ancient plant is the bracken, and no other undergrowth gives such a forest-like character to the woods. Very early, the first week or so in August, come a yellow frond or two, just as there comes a stray yellow leaf upon the fluttering birch. Neither means to yellow for a long time yet, but it is just to remind us that autumn lies await, and we must make the most of summer. How bracken cuts, too! The stems have a thin coating like a thin flake of glass, and to twist and tear them, or even to cut the stalk with a knife, is likely to wound the hand. It grows well in fir woods, too, and no carpet in all Axminster is so tempting to walk on as the clean, elastic one of brown needles, spread beneath the tall fir trees, under which you can wander for miles, with the hot spicy smell in your nostrils, and the long shadows of the tall trunks lying motionless in the sunshine, and the distant sigh of the wind far overhead. What is the secret of the wind in the fir trees? You may hear it even on the stillest day, falling and swelling like an Eolian harp; even the trunks if struck give out a strange sound, quite unlike the dull thud on other trees.

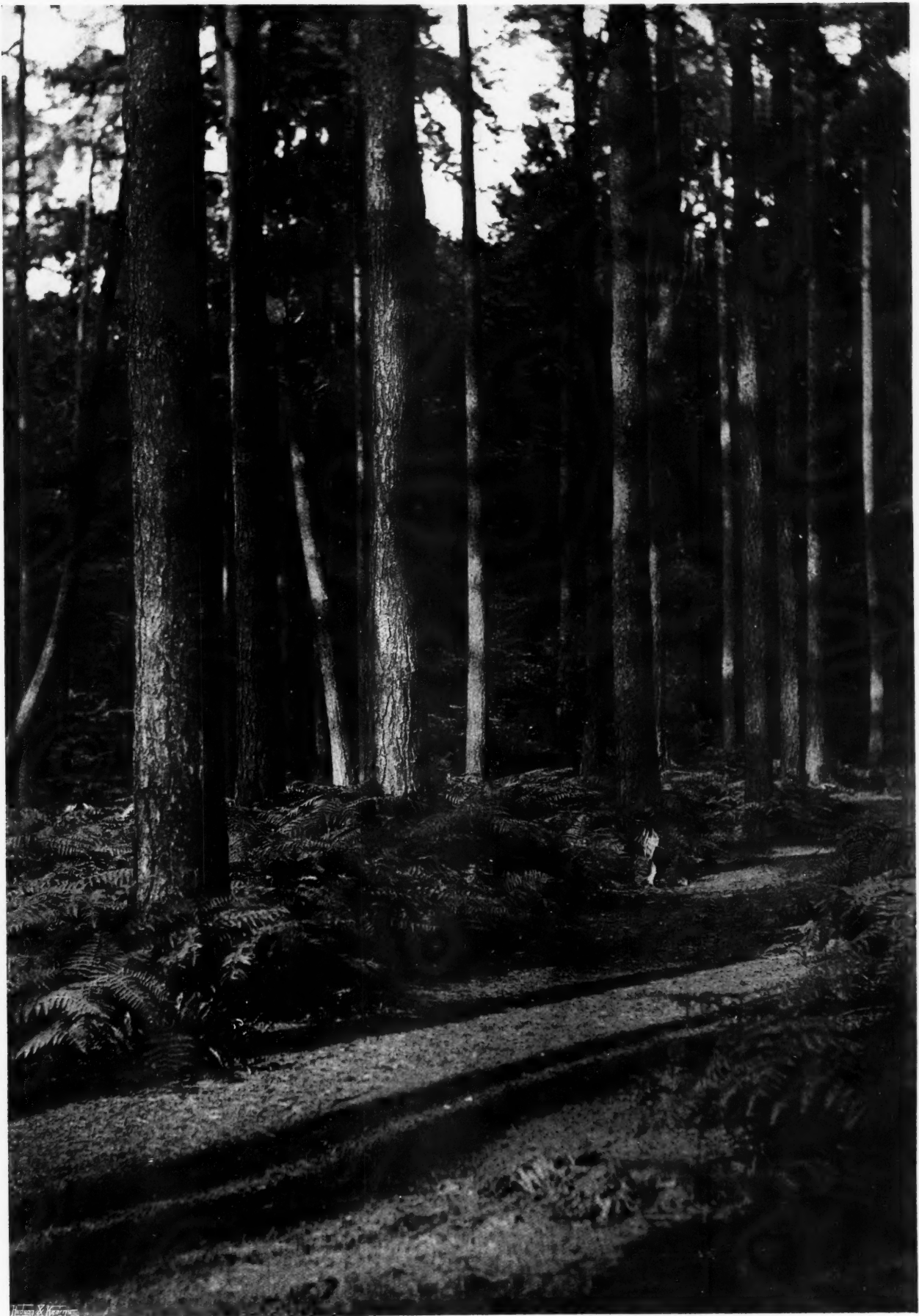
The woods one has known and loved all one's life thrill more deep and delicate fibres within us than could ever be awakened by the mysteries of Italian groves or the glories of

tropical forests. Each well-remembered feature, the personality of particular trees, is laden with a thousand associations of childhood and youth. We could almost believe that the trees know us when we come back after a long absence, and that their branches whisper a welcome. Wandering among them, one feels a real sense of comradeship, and in the woods one knows and loves one need never feel solitary. How well we know the rucked bark of the oak, with its tracery of fine-cut ivy and the close golden moss clothing its branches, the silver grey of the beeches, the flaky, silver white of birches, with purple marks and shadows, the tawny crimson of the fir poles as the level rays of the setting sun strike in among their close-set ranks, the cool black shadows

underneath the thick boughs, with patches, like jewels thrown on the ground, where a ray darts in. And the wood's own flowers. No poppy ever sets foot here, nor cowslip, the wild roses love better to wave along the hedgerow, and ox-eye daisies, robin hood, and crowfoot like the meadow grasses and sunny banks, and the harebell dances on the open ground. But the wood's very own flowers are the pale, single daffodils, and the bluebells which run like blue flame through the oak and beech woods in May, till as they burst upon you, their bell heads



LOCUS REFRIGERII.



THE RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN.

swinging their rich, hyacinth perfume heavy upon the wandering wind, colour seems to become vocal; you could almost swear you hear the fairy chime. No primroses are so rich and free as those of the woodland. They cluster in the cool shade, and their leaves grow fresh and tender, like hothouse plants, or, in a sudden clearing, pale and starry the innocent eyes look up, and long and pink their stalks are—in a meadow they are always smaller with short stalks. In July they are all gone, and the purple ranks of spotted foxgloves stand in regiments up and down the glades with the bumble bees toppling lazily in and out of their silky bells, and round the hazels and thorns, and especially the big old

knows what is going to happen, and has sought out its own little shelter. The great trees hold their breath and listen with you. Far away you can hear a sound like waves upon the bar, and then suddenly a deep sigh swells through all the boughs above your head, it rises and falls, like a long breath drawn, then another and another, and then the wind bursts into the branches and sweeps through them with a muffled roar, and far below you stand in a quiet like that of a cathedral aisle, and listen to that pealing organ music that seems to sweep away all langour and deadness of thought and feeling, and to bring health and life and reality.

How full the woods were of sound in the spring-time! The caw of rooks far overhead, the tap of woodpecker, the whistle of blackbird, the wild chatter of the blue jays over their building, the "wandering voice" of the cuckoo; above all the clear song of the thrush, the March minstrel.

Hearing thee flute, who pines or grieves

For vernal smiles or showers?

Thy voice is greener than the leaves
And fresher than the flowers.

But in full summer all are growing silent. Chaffinches twitter, and seem to quarrel a good deal; wood-pigeons complain softly, now hoarse, now tender; the shrill cry of a cock pheasant comes from a distant glade. Soft and silent a tiny wren whisks on to the boughs above us, and ruffles and preens, looking for all the world like a big brown moth. In the summer in Norway I once came upon a woodcock lying spread out in the shelter of a fallen tree, while her little family climbed on her back and played about like baby chickens.

I am sure no man need require a worthier occupation than the care of fine woods. To thin and clear and plant and send out timber to make ships that shall go far away to places we never shall visit, or become the ralters of a cathedral or banqueting-hall, or even common homes for common people; to set upon its path what shall be a stately branching giant, which shall shade generations still unborn, and bear witness by its free and spreading limbs to the care and thought that surrounded its young days. We scarcely realise how much our English woods owe their beauty to past generations of sturdy woodmen, who for centuries have toiled and lopped and planted. It is melancholy to see the woods of America, not the giants of California, but the ordinary home woods of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, which no one has ever noticed or cared for, and where the poor, spindly things crush one another to death, or run up tall and thin in a desperate effort to reach light and air.

The woodman has not much to do at this time of year; you meet him taking it easy, looking round the woods, criticising this tree and appraising that; strong and brown, with sinewy arms, with shrewd eyes, and mouth set firm, as if with the tension of long effort and watchfulness; wise with the knowledge of his craft, born of long experience, full of homely humour, silent yet genial. He can tell by running his eye over a tree what weight of wood it contains; and in a tree which looks all right to you his severe eye will detect little signs that tell him it is going back. "He'm bound to come down" is the verdict, and down he comes.



OUTPOSTS OF THE WOOD.

holly trees, the honeysuckle tangles and twines and tosses high its creamy clusters and sends out its bewitching perfume, certainly one of the most delicious of all scents, so fresh, so illusive, so penetrating, and growing so strong as the evening dews begin to fall. How delicious the smell of sweet briar is floating across the air on a warm wet evening! There is no scent so unmistakable. One is almost obliged to stop and search for the bush with its little dark green sticky leaves.

Have you ever stood in a leafy beech wood and listened to the coming of a summer storm? Ail is as still as death, dark and mysterious. Every little animal and bird and creeping thing

Standing alone in the groves of oak, we come to a great ash tree—a witch tree it is sometimes called. A shrew mouse was sometimes buried alive in one in old days, and leaves and twigs from the “shrew ash” would then cure cattle when bewitched by a shrew mouse running over them. George Macdonald, in “Phantastes,” makes the ash a weird and terrible woman, who can follow you and get you into her clutches at certain seasons, “when bad spirits have power.” The sullen ash tree, with her black buds, looks very forbidding in the spring, and the leaves decay first of all. Not that we want to see it early in leaf, for as surely as it comes out before the oak there follows a wet summer:

If the oak comes out before the ash,
Then you'll only get a splash;
If the ash comes out before the oak,
Why then we'll surely get a soak.

Coming home, we wait to listen to the plaint of the aspens—from the “tremble,” of whose wood they used to hold the cross was made, so that it can never cease from sorrowing—and outside in the hedgerows and meadows stand the stately elms; they do not love the woods in our West Country.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW ROSES.

THE summer flush is over, and the exhibitions of the present year are events of the past, save one—the tournament of flowers in September next in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Vincent Square. This is called an autumn show, and, to the Rose-lover who cares little for prize blooms, has an important bearing upon Rose development in this country. Poets have sung the praises of the queen of flowers as the jewel of high summer days; but all this is changed. The art of the hybridist has prolonged the season of Roses until September is fragrant, and even early October, with the petals of the Tea, Hybrid Tea, and China groups, with a few stray blooms of some Hybrid Perpetual, of which the *Frau Karl Druschki* is the most assertive. The flowers at the last National Show in autumn were as beautiful as anything in the summer exhibitions, and the Rose has a distinct garden value, the plants having given the writer hundreds of big blooms, white as newly-fallen snow—trembling masses of petals, which only require fragrance to make them perfect. Those who have not purchased this famous Rose should do so. Absence of fragrance is unfortunate; but we seem to forget this in contemplation of the beautiful flowers of snowy whiteness, borne with such profusion that the stems bend with their precious burden. Twelve plants compose a group, and each has bloomed riotously.

Mrs. Peter Blair.—This is a gold medal Rose, by which we mean a Rose given this high award at the annual exhibition of the National Rose Society. It will probably find a place among the purely garden hybrids and not excel in the exhibition arena. The colour is a pure golden yellow, and as the buds open out this beautiful shade deepens to a rich apricot tint. It is strong in growth, free, and a Rose to make note of for the garden.

Dean Hole.—The following remarks about this beautiful Hybrid Tea Rose from a well-known rosarian should be useful: “There is, I think, an undivided opinion that this Rose is worthy of the name it bears. The massive petals recall another beautiful Rose, Mrs. Edward Mawley, but I think the difference is sufficient to warrant the introduction of Dean Hole.”

Earl of Warwick is a very fine new Rose with an immense salmon pink flower. It is a strong grower, and well adapted for standards. We shall be surprised if this does not prove to be a Rose of the future.

Betty is beautiful in colouring, almost a golden-shaded Mrs. W. J. Grant.

Grossherzogin Alexandra, the new Hybrid Perpetual Rose, appears destined to displace Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. It was raised from Merveille de Lyon, crossed with the variety Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.

J. B. Clark is a new Rose of great beauty, and the colour is a rich crimson.

The Dandy, a Hybrid Tea, will be a favourite for its colour only, and it has a sweet fragrance. There is room for more Roses of this type.

Comtesse A. Kinsky (Tea-scented) has apricot yellow buds, which change to a whitish colour. The growth is almost as erect as an Hybrid Tea. A Rose of great beauty.

Comtesse de Saxe is a Rose of beautiful form, the colour a pale yellow, which it inherits from Souv. de Mme. Eugene Verdier, one of its parents.

Countess of Derby is a flower of beautiful shape and a good colour, pink with salmon centre.

Direktor W. Cordes seems to be a Rose after the style of Antoine Rivoire, and one we like much. Its colour is lemon white with a reddish yellow centre. It is a fine autumnal Rose, and very sweet.

E. T. Cook is a promising Hybrid Tea Rose of a pale primrose colour. The red buds among the large open blossoms appear to great advantage, and the growth is vigorous. After a spell of hot weather the flowers are richly suffused with pink.

Graf Fritz Hochberg will be a good Rose if it will expand as well outdoors as it does under glass.

Hermann Rane.—For colour this new Rose is charming. The buds are terra-cotta shade, opening to large rosy salmon blossoms. We think this will prove a beautiful decorative Rose.

Le Progrès is promising, but we like the variety Mme. Ravary more. The colour is a paler tint, more of a yellow shade.

Mme. Hector Leuilliot (H. T.).—This is one of those beautiful reddish gold semi-climbers that are so useful. Grown as low pillar Roses among beds of Teas or on standards or wall this Rose will be wanted by everybody. Evidently it is of the same race as M. Pernet Ducher's earlier novelty Mme. Charles Monnier.

Martha (Po yantha Rose).—This a miniature Rose. The growth, if anything, is too free. It will be some time before we have a Rose to surpass Aschenbrodel. It is grown now by thousands as a market pot plant.

Lady Wenlock is a welcome addition to the Hybrid Tea race. It is apparently midway between Gustave Regis and Mlle. Pernet Ducher. In the bud state and also when its semi-double flowers have expanded, it is very beautiful, and one that will remain with us for some time.

Mme. Leon Pain (H. T.).—This is one of the most beautiful Roses of last year; it will probably become as popular as Mme. Abel Chatenay. The blending of salmon pink and orange is the result of a true cross between Caroline Testout and Souvenir de Catherine Guillot, and the Rose maintains the sturdiness of the former sort.



Carine Cadby.

CLEMATIS MONTANA.

Copyright.

Renie Marquerrite d'Italie (H. T.).—This is one of the few Hybrid Teas that are fragrant. It is a Rose that must prove welcome by reason of its colour, which is bright carmine with vermillion shading. It is free in growth, and will certainly prove a useful bedding Rose.

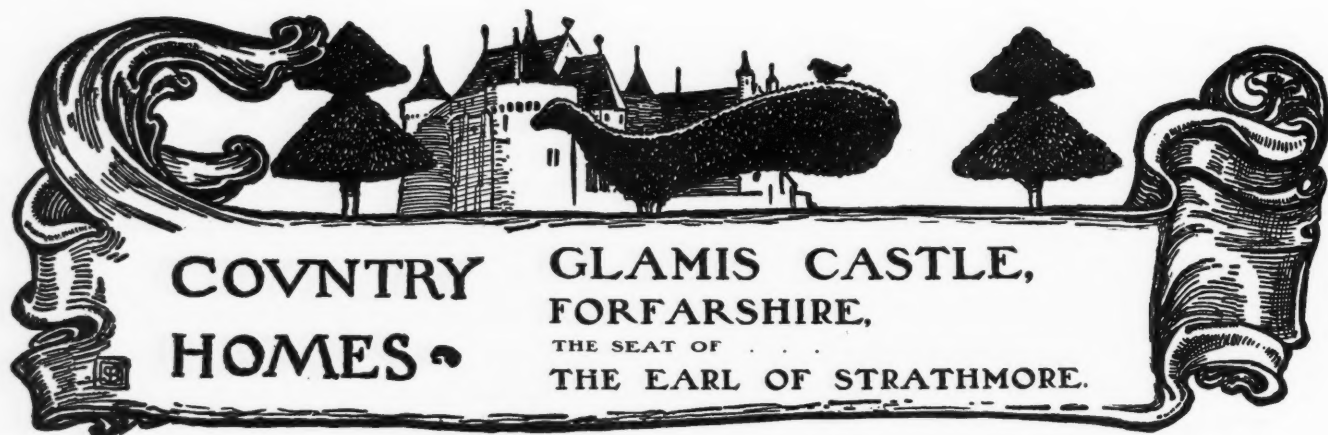
Instituteur Sirdey (H. T.) is a fine addition to the sturdy yellow Roses, which will soon make us independent of the tender Teas such as Perle des Jardins. The flowers are a deep golden yellow, with a reddish shading. We are indebted to M. Pernet Ducher for this, and the Rose world should acknowledge, we think, in some practical way the debt of gratitude it owes to the raiser of Mme. Abel Chatenay, Caroline Testout, and many of our front-rank Roses.

RANDOM NOTES.

Pansies from Seed.—The seed germinates readily, and should be sown outdoors in a shady place in August. Prick out the seedlings in a prepared bed in October; flowers will appear the following year. When the sowing takes place in spring, it must be done in gentle heat, such as a hotbed gives off. Sow in shallow boxes, filled with fine soil, and transfer the seedlings to the place they are to flower in when they have attained sufficient size. Only purchase seed raised from the best varieties.

A Charming Violetta Fanny.—Mr. D. B. Cran of Highgate, who has done so much to bring the Pansy in its Violetta form into favour, brought the writer recently flowers of a variety called Sweetness. No more appropriate name could have been chosen for this dainty little bloom, which is not much larger than a wild Heartsease, and is as white as snow, except for the little yellow eye. Its sweetness is evident, too, in the fresh fragrance of the flower.

Rose Queen of Spain.—This must be accounted one of the great new Roses of the year. It was raised by Messrs. Alexander Dickson and Sons of Newtownards, Ireland, and should win the love of the ardent exhibitor. The flower reminds one of the hybrid Rose Bessie Crown, and has a sweet fragrance and perfect shape to commend it. The bud opens out to disclose a centre of delicate colouring, the broad, strong petals white with a clear soft salmon pink shade suffusing them.



GLAMIS CASTLE, in Forfarshire, is one of the most famous inhabited castles in these islands. Much of its fame comes out of the bag of legends. It is said to have been a castle of Maelbaethe, the thane of Moray, who has awful fame as Macbeth the murderous host. There were those who found in a room of Glamis Castle the room in which the gracious Duncan lay laced in blood, but little as we know of Scottish history, the historian protests against the tale. Wherever Duncan, whom investigation makes a youth and a usurper, died it was not within a castle built centuries after his day. Nor is it assured

fact that Malcolm II. was slain in this keep, although old tradition points out his death chamber. Nevertheless the race which holds Glamis has many an over-true tale to tell of "old, unhappy, far-off things." Many a Lyon lies hard by in the church, whose last word was not said on a feather bed, and the fate of that lady of Glamis who flamed on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh is a full meal of horrors for the tourist who asks such.

Glamis has descended in one family since the fourteenth century, when Sir John Lyon had it in marriage with a lady of the royal blood, Jean, the daughter of King Robert II. of Scotland. Patrick Graham, grandson of this marriage, was sent as a young man into England, a hostage for the ransom of the first James, and in or about the year 1445 he became the first peer of a line which is now among the oldest Scottish baronies. The possession of Glamis and Kinghorne and kinship with all the great houses of the country-side brought these Lyons into Scottish history, that record of ridings and burnings. But one familiar entry is missing from their genealogy. The young Lord of Glamis was not among the dead barons and earls whose bodies were banked about their king on Flodden bent. The familiar history has a more dreadful tale for this generation. John, the sixth Lord Glamis, died in 1528, leaving a widow and two young sons and a daughter. The widow was a Douglas born, a grand-daughter of that Earl of Angus who won his name of "Bell the Cat" by swinging a King's favourite high in a hempen rope. She was widowed about the time when it was a safer and a better thing to be of mean kindred than to come of the Angus stock. The bitter young King was hunting her brothers for their lives, and the sister was soon cited before Parliament for succouring them. When many citations had been neglected by the Lady of Glamis, sentence of forfeiture went out against her lands. It was not carried into effect. In those rough days the law often barked and then held its peace. The sentence found the lady from home on a foreign pilgrimage, and when she was back again at Glamis a new charge came against her. This time she was indicted for poisoning the Lord Glamis, her husband, with a deadly drug, but here again there were delays. The Forfarshire barons were stubbornly unwilling to serve on assize against their neighbour. She might be clean or guilty of the crime; with that they were little concerned, but many of them were near in blood to the Lyons; the Douglasses might rise again in their dreadful might, and blood feuds were ill to staunch. The deadlock held, until at last the proceedings were abandoned. But the King's vengeance, and the vixen queen mother's, had not yet been slaked on the house of Angus. In 1537 a third charge brought the lady to Edinburgh as a



Copyright

THE CASTLE TURRETS.

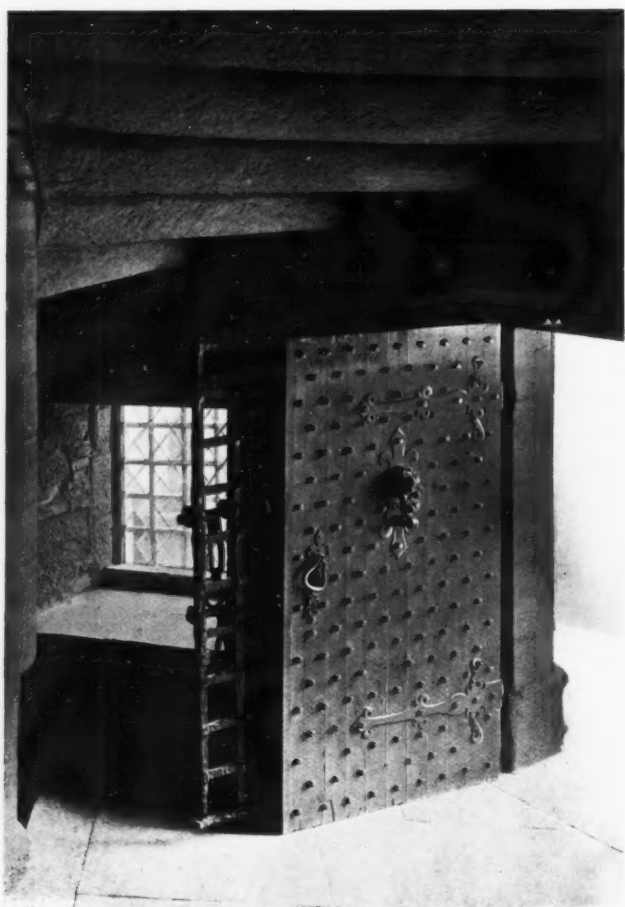
"COUNTRY LIFE."



FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.



Copyright

THE CASTLE DOOR.

"C.L."

prisoner. High treason this time, the abetting of Angus and plotting to poison the King's Majesty. By this time the widow was wife to Archibald Campbell of Skipnaish, a younger son of Argyll. He, with her two lads, John and George, and an old kinsman priest named John Lyon, were all laid by the heels for accessories. The nature of the evidence brought against her has never been fairly sifted. She was convicted on her own son's confession, being found guilty on all counts, and a Scottish historian of the nineteenth century confirmed the verdict, but his reasoning does not convince. She is said to have borne herself nobly before her judges, appealing that she might suffer alone. But there was no mercy in that day for a Douglas. Her husband broke prison, and his neck into the bargain scrambling down the castle rocks. A rope was found for the old priest, and the children were cooped under a threat of death when they should be older. Bell the Cat's grand-daughter, daughter of a Scottish noble who had died at Flodden, widow of a great baron, and daughter-in-law of Argyll, was led out to the Castle Hill, and there suffered the death of the woman traitor, being burned alive at the stake. After her death doubts of her guilt came to many. William Lyon, a kinsman, and false witness against her, is said to have uncovered his wickedness to the King, who had no patience with his queasy conscience. Her son's evidence was confessedly dragged from the boy by a sight of the rack and of the agony of others, and Sir Thomas Clifford, Henry VIII.'s agent, summed up the affair, saying that the lady had been condemned "without any substantial ground or proof of matter." That she died for her family's offences there can be little doubt: the Master of Forbes, her brother-in-law, had suffered on the same spot three days before her. "Few escape," a letter told Cromwell in London, "that may be known to be friends to the Earl of Angus or near kinsmen."

John Lyon and his brother were at last released. No charge could be pressed against them in face of changing public opinion, and in 1543 the forfeiture was rescinded. Young John lived to benefit by other men's forfeitures, and to hold a command in the vanguard of a Scots army which raided England and fled back before the spears of a smaller body. Also he carried on the line of Glamis, his younger son Sir Thomas Lyon of Auldbar being perhaps the most interesting figure that ever came out of Glamis. For this Thomas was deep in that mysterious plotting which is called the Raid of Ruthven, and was in Ruthven Castle when the Earl of Gowrie and his men kidnapped his King. When James would have left the room that was filling with sinister folk, it was Thomas Lyon who laid his great leg in the way. And when the King fell a-weeping, it was

Thomas Lyon who growled that it was better that bairns should weep than bearded men. After wanderings in England and Ireland, he had pardon at last; the plotter became captain of the King's guard and Treasurer of Scotland. By his death the Crawfords lost an eager enemy, and the King, in his own word, the boldest and hardest man in his dominions. John Lyon, elder brother of the "Tutor of Glamis," succeeded in 1558 as eighth Lord Glamis. He is a figure on that stage which had Mary Queen of Scots in the midst of it. Something we know of the Lord Glamis's part in the dour romance. He supported the Darnley match, and was in Edinburgh when Darnley was dead by the Kirk o' Field. He was with Moray, the Regent, and helped bear his body to the grave. He was deeply in with Morton, and a party to his fall. It is said that Morton, who had known much treachery, was moved to sorrow by the falseness of Glamis, who had been hand and glove with him. Glamis himself did not die in his bed. There was an affray in the Stirling streets between his men and those that wore the livery of the Earl of Crawford, the hereditary enemy of the house. A tall man, standing head above the throng, Glamis took the ball of a pistol in his brow, and died where he fell. Of him a poet sang:

Since lowly liest thou, noble Lyon fine,
What shall betide, behind, to dogs and swine?

This man's being Lord High Chancellor of Scotland marks the high place to which the house had come. With his son Patrick they were raised to the rank of Earls in 1606 with the title of Kinghorne. Patrick, the third Earl, had a new charter, becoming Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, Viscount Lyon, and the rest in 1672. This third Earl was a great builder at Glamis. His father, the second Earl, had spent money freely when with Montrose and the covenanting army. To his honour be it said that the second Earl opposed the sale of his King to the



Copyright

THE SUNDIAL AT GLAMIS.

"C.L."



Copyright

THE ARMS OF THE FAMILY

"COUNTRY LIFE."

English, and Cromwell's Act of Grace and Pardon fined the house £1,000. He died leaving an embarrassed estate, and his widow married the Earl of Linlithgow, who, after her death, harried the lands of Glamis with lawsuits and claims, sweeping off the very furniture of the house and the hanging of the walls at Glamis and Castle Lyon. When a young Earl came back from the university at the Restoration, it was to empty homes. For seven years he scraped and spared to wipe off his debts, and found himself at last keeping house merrily enough at Castle Lyon, now called Castle Huntly. In 1670 he moved to his great house of Glamis, and there spent nineteen years building and making good, as may be read in his household Book of Record. The second Earl of Strathmore, of whom it is recorded that he opposed the Union, had a brood of six sons, each one of whom in turn bore the courtesy title of Glamis or the earldom itself. Thus Patrick, Lord Glamis, the eldest son, died in his seventeenth year, and Philip, Lord Glamis, in his nineteenth year. John, the fifth Earl, succeeding his father in 1712, went out with the Earl of Mar in the rising of '15, and died at Sheriffmuir beside his uncle Patrick Lyon. The Master of Sinclair records that the young Earl—"near perfection" he

with Andrew Robinson Stoney, a brutal adventurer, who cursed and fought his way to her hand and strongbox. Since her time the name of Bowes has been added to that of Lyon in the house of Strathmore.

Such is the race which has so long held to the grand old castle of Glamis. The traces of them are there as much in their destructions as in their buildings up. The traces in this castle of the tower which sheltered the first Lyon of Glamis and his royal spouse must be looked for in crypt and dungeon. The most ancient upstanding part takes the L plan so common in Scottish castles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Patrick, first Earl of Kinghorne, who died in 1615, changed much at Glamis, and his grandson carried on the work between 1670 and 1689. The walls of an outer bailey, with its towers and outbuilding, have disappeared, two round towers at some distance from the castle remaining to show where the outward defence ran. Gray, the poet, a guest at Glamis, gives us a good description of much that has gone; indeed, he showed himself a poet in his appreciation of the castle "rising proudly out of what seems a great thick wood of tall trees, with a cluster of hanging towers on the top." You descend, said Gray, to the castle gradually from the south through



Copyright

THE FLEUR-DE-LYS, THE THISTLE, AND THE ROSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

writes him—seized the colours when all turned back, for there was much running at Sheriffmuir. He rallied a few to him, but drew the enemy's fire, and when wounded and a prisoner was killed by a murderous dragoon. The old Scots law would have tried and attainted his dead body, for he died in open rebellion, but Glamis escaped this risk and passed to his brother, Charles, sixth Earl, of whom it can but be said that he thrust himself as a peacemaker between two eager gentlemen who were pushing at each other with their rapiers, and came by "the redding straik" which kills him who intervenes with however good intentions in other folks' quarrels. His wife, who bore him no children, survived to marry George Forbes, her factor or steward, afterwards Master of the Horse to Charles Edward Stewart. The earldom had two more moves to make in this generation—one to brother James, the seventh Earl, who died unmarried, a captain with the black cockade of Hanover in his hat, and another to brother Thomas, last of the six brothers, each an heir apparent in turn.

Earl Thomas married a Durham fortune, and so did his son Earl John, husband of the luckless Mary Eleanor Bowes, heir of Streatlam Castle and Gibside. Those who know their "Barry Lyndon" know something of the Countess's second marriage

a double and triple avenue of firs under three gateways. Passing the second gate, the firs change to limes. The third gate "delivers you into a court with a broad pavement and grass plots adorned with statues of the four Stuart kings, bordered with old silver firs and yew trees alternately and opening into an iron palisade on either side to two square old-fashioned parterres surrounded by stone fruit walls."

Alas! when Pennant travelled here in 1772, the second and third gates, with the square parterres, had vanished away. From an old print he was able to describe the castle in its better days as having been of two long courts, divided by buildings. In each was a square tower and gateway beneath, and in a third another tower, which was all that stood up in Pennant's time, the rest being totally destroyed. Fortunately, Scottish house-builders were prodigal of dates, the letters of their name, and their shields of arms. Over the middle staircase tower at Glamis we read that it was built by Patrick, Lord Glamis, and Dame Anna Murray, his wife. Their monograms are on the walls, with the date of 1606, when the earldom came. This Earl built the south-east wing, with its round tower, pulling down old work to make room for it. A west window near the top has the monogram of his son John, the second Earl, to whom is ascribed the



Copyright

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plaster ceiling of the great hall seen in our picture, which has his monogram and that of his wife, Margaret Erskine. That wrought iron railing of the roof ridge, with its thistles and fleurs-de-lis, and the iron door knocker, dated 1687, must be work of the third Earl, author of the Book of Record, which gives in full his wranglings and tusslings with those who wrought for him. This Earl confesses himself to blame for calling in no advice in his building work, but "never judged anything of my own small endeavours worthy to make so much noise as to call for or invite to either of my houses the public architects."

The picture gives a good view of part of the great hall on the second floor, "a room," says Earl Patrick, "that I ever loved." Its fireplace is characteristic work of the early sixteenth century, with its plaster-work ceiling and its mantel-piece flanked with caryatides. The fine old sundial, upon which two lions of the house sit so proudly with dials in their paws, may be of the same period: eighty-one dial faces may be counted on it. The view of the castle from the south-west shows the middle keep rising, as Gray and Pennant saw it, firm based upon its wall of

must ever be the dread secret which, on the faith of all tale-tellers by winter fires, passes, generation by generation, with the ancient barony.

TROUT & TROUT-FISHING

ONLY those who can cast a fly and have experienced the thrill of joy which comes from landing a fine trout have any idea of the fascination of a trout stream. The day's trout-fishing which I get each year is, to me, the one day of all others, and this season Whit-Monday was that day. I am afraid the sermons on Sunday seemed based on "trout," and even the Education Act paled in significance as I anticipated the pleasurable day before me.

I was up with the sun, and by 8 a.m. had cycled about twenty miles to the little rippling stream, abounding with trout ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to 3 lb. The fish were feeding on the May-fly, so I tied one to my trace and brushed the wings with oil to make



Copyright.

NORTH END OF CRYPT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ten foot stone. The large window on the second floor lights the hall. Rich panels of armories decorate the staircase tower after the old Scottish fashion. The two-storeyed turrets of the topmost castles make it impossible that the old crow-stepped gables should exist between them, so the roof ends are finished with square screens, capped with pierced balustrades and domed cotes, with the lion of the Lyons seated on the domes. These turrets are late restorations in the old manner. The wing to the left cost Earl Patrick of the Book of Record a new roof, but the wing to the right with its tower was built by him outright. Both have been disfigured by battlements and other details in Gothic of the churchwarden style.

The heirlooms of the house are many; a coat of bonny Dundee is among them, the sword of the Chevalier de St. George, and the watch he left under his pillow when he rode away from Glamis. Chief of all should be the silver lion-cup of the house from which Sir Walter drank and bethought him of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine. But the most famous heirloom at Glamis

it float. Then I commenced; and oh, the joy of that first cast! Swish, swish, swish, s-w-i-s-h, and under the hazel bough goes my fly, alighting on the water as though it were as light as air. With wee jerks from the wrist, I just, as it were, touch the fly. It moves! And no sooner has it done so than a fine trout—which I had watched feeding for some time—rises to it. There is a little circle on the water's surface, and at the psychological moment I strike sharp and hard. I have driven the hook well home, for my rod bends almost double. The fish heads away up stream at a rare pace, and now I let him have his way, though presently I shall have mine. Coaxingly I entice him towards me; but off he goes again with a lash of his tail that sends the water whirling behind him. Close to the bank he comes a third and fourth time, only to dart off as before, and as though he would snap a rope. And so I play my fish for some time, until at length the quarry shows signs of fatigue. Now is my chance. I get him to the top of the water, draw him gently to the bank, and with my net haul him on to land. I

extract the hook, give the trout, which weighs 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., a sharp crack on the toe of my thick boot, and start again, having replaced my fly, which was somewhat damaged in the struggle, by a new one.

Another fine fish is feeding about 50yds. off, and I gradually work my way up to him. But, no! I let the fly float right over him; I jerk it, I draw it through the water, all to no purpose, and it is an hour before I meet with any further luck. My fly drops just over a bank of weeds, and a little chap about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seizes his opportunity—and also my hook. Trout are not the only creatures that are deceived by looks. I lift the baby fish from the water, and, with words of caution, put him back; but with a pang. For, how certain one would be of a pike if such a dainty morsel were attached to a "Jardine" and worked in a larger river where the ferocious "fresh-water sharks" seek their prey. Having searched a reach of clear deep water, I come to one of my favourite spots, where the stream is overhung by thorns, while the centre of the babbling brook is carpeted with rich white aquatic blooms and verdure of a richer green. Upon this rich soft carpet appears a little water-vole, which dives to the bottom, and, nipping it off at the roots, carts across the stream a dainty weed about 1yd. long, which it holds in its two fore paws and nibbles at for five minutes. Then he comes back for more. The water here is very shallow and very clear, so I stand about 6yds. from the water's edge and cast under the boughs. Dangling down from the branches I see about 2yds. of gut and a fly—but that is how the novice buys his experience. To cast a fly is an art only to be acquired by years of practice. There are many other qualifications which go to make a good trout-fisherman. To be an expert means patiently studying the habits of fish for years and years—no books, however good, will, alone, make an angler.

There is a good rise just opposite me, right under the bank, and away goes my fly on to the very spot. Up comes the trout with a greedy gulp, but no sooner has he disturbed the water than I have hit him hard. He proves a very game fish, and fights hard for his life. But after a while he, too, goes into my basket, and lays alongside the other speckled beauty. They make a fine brace, the second turning the scale at 2lb. While landing this fish I disturbed the little water-vole, which scurried into a hole at the bottom of the water. During the time that I have been near this furry vegetarian he has carried about 30yds. of weed to the bank and devoured it all. He was a delightful little companion. The fish took little heed of him, as he paddled to and fro, sometimes right over their noses. Yet one false cast on my part, and presto! the fish would scuttle off in all directions. I mark one large trout in a deep hole. He rises now and again, and I can see he is about 3lb. But he is evidently an old hand, and treats my kind attention with a contemptuous disdain—and I court him for an hour, too! I stop to have a morsel of food, and a kingfisher perches on a stake quite close to me. Suddenly he rises into the air, where he adopts a kind of "simmering" attitude. Then he dives down into the water like an arrow, with unerring aim, and brings to the surface a minnow, which he gulps down with evident relish.

I had fair luck during the afternoon and evening, though, owing to the clearness of the water, the fish were unusually shy. And when I reeled in I had eight good trout, weighing nearly 9lb. Several smaller ones I put back. The moon has now made her appearance, and as I cycle home the nightjars jar-r-r-r-r, the grasshopper warblers sweetly trill, and the nightingale floods the woods with its rich, full voice. I reach home having had a very real holiday, and as I fall asleep I can still hear at regular intervals that fascinating refrain—Swish, swish, swish, s-w-i-s-h.

HOME LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

I.—THE BLUEBIRD.

IN North-Eastern North America the days of the latter part of February and early March are still cold and cheerless, with the snow lying deep upon the ground, and the ponds and streams still ice-bound. There spring is but a far-away thought, and the average man would much rather be sitting



MALE BLUEBIRD.



HOUSE-CLEANING.

in front of a good fire, or near a steam radiator, than tramping abroad through the fields, unless, as sometimes does happen, he proves to be a sincere lover of Nature. If he is such a *rara avis*, and if he really cares to risk a pair of frosted hands, feet, or ears, by taking a tramp into the fields and byeways upon such a day, he will not have to go far, if he is lucky, before he will be rewarded by hearing a faint, rather plaintive "chee-eep," "chee-eep," "chee-eep," dropped from out the sky above his head, and, at first glance, apparently emanating from nothing at

all. A little closer observation, however, will show him a bright bit of colour fluttering down against the pure white background of snow, to settle upon the limb of a tree or the convenient wire of the telegraph, and, sitting there, give utterance again to those two or three plaintive little notes that first arrested the attention of the observer.

This is the bluebird, commonly called the "harbinger of spring." To my mind, however, he is not so true a herald of the coming balmy days as is the song-sparrow, for the latter is wont to attempt his cheery little song even earlier in the year than this. But the bluebird is a good second, and when we hear his unmistakable song, if song it can be called, we may be certain that winter's days are numbered, and that very soon the snow and ice will begin to disappear and give place to the green of the early springtime. In point of fact, many bluebirds remain with us all through the winter months, and they may be found at any time in small flocks feeding upon the many varieties of frozen berries that still adhere to the trees and bushes, and which, at this season, form their chief and often only food. It is then that their plumage is at its best, and shows to greatest advantage. Those of them that have not the hardihood to spend the entire winter North, seldom leave until after the rest of the migrants have departed, sometimes staying until well into December. Even then they are content with but a couple of months in the South, returning again about the middle of February, or at the latest the first of March. They cannot come too early or stay too late, however, for with their shy, retiring, and inoffensive habits, and their beautiful plumage and plaintive voice, there is no man or woman who knows them to whom they do not endear themselves. They have, undoubtedly, much more nearly taken the place in North America of England's robin redbreast than has any other American bird, not excepting the American robin. In their fall migrations they often can be heard throughout the night, keeping up a continual chirping as they fly. They do this in order that they may not become separated, as they cannot see in the dark. They fly low, just above the tree-tops, and it is extremely weird, upon a still evening, to hear this sound coming from an absolutely invisible source and seemingly but a few yards away. There is a somewhat ventriloquistic quality in the notes of this bird that makes it difficult to locate the author from simply hearing his song, and I have often looked in vain for several minutes when I knew that the singer was within a few feet of me, only to give up in disgust, and then see him sitting in exactly the opposite direction to that in which I had been looking. There is no other American bird that I know of to whom will better apply Wordsworth's questioning characterisation of the English cuckoo:

Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering
voice?

Several years ago
it was feared by



AT THE ENTRANCE TO NEST.

many that these birds were becoming extinct. In many localities where they had before been plentiful their numbers decreased with startling rapidity. No one has ever given a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, although it was undoubtedly partially caused by the extensive use of their skins for millinery purposes; but as that has now entirely ceased, and the birds are again as plentiful as ever, interest in the matter is not so keen. In size they are a stocky, thick-set bird, in length averaging about 7 in. and in expanse of wings about 10 in. Of the male bird Thoreau said, "he carries the sky on his back," to which John Burroughs added, "and the earth on his breast." This admirably describes him, for his back, wings and tail, chin and throat are a vivid blue, while his breast and flanks are a chestnut brown and his abdomen a dirty white. The female is very much duller in colouring, often having a reddish tone that extends from the middle of the back over the shoulders. The Seminole Indians will tell one that the male bluebird once flew so high that his back rubbed against the sky, which imparted to him its own azure tint. Returning to earth, his wife so admired his new coat that she determined to have a like one for herself, and the next morning flew away to get it; but the day proving somewhat cloudy, the colour given to her dress was not so brilliant as was that received by her mate.

Their range extends over nearly all of the eastern portion of the United States, west as far as the slope of the Rocky Mountains, and north to Manitoba, Ontario, and Nova Scotia. They breed nearly throughout their entire range. In winter they pass South to the Gulf States and Cuba, and, occasionally, are found as far North as Southern New England. They are resident in Bermuda. In Southern Arizona and Eastern Mexico there is a sub-species of this bird—the azure bluebird. The Mexican bluebird is not found in the United States, but is represented in the West by three sub-species, to wit: the Western bluebird on the Pacific Coast, the chestnut-backed bluebird in the Rocky Mountain district, and the San Pedro bluebird of Lower California. In the interior of the western portion of the United States is the only other species native to North America—the mountain bluebird. Thus it will be seen that virtually every part of the country has its bluebird.

As a building site they prefer—if it can be found—a deserted

woodpecker's hole. When they cannot find this they content themselves with any cavity of sufficient size in a tree or stump; but they never excavate one for themselves. I have found them nesting in the top of a post, the heart of which had rotted to a depth of 4 in. or 5 in., thus forming a cup-shaped hollow, open to every shower. A bird-house is readily accepted by them; but they are easily driven therefrom by either the house-wren or the English sparrow, as they are too gentle



YOUNG BLUEBIRDS.

in disposition to fight very hard for their rights. They are very partial to an old orchard in which there are many dead trees or branches, or to a burnt-over swamp in which many rotting tree stubs are left standing. A pair of birds will return to the same nesting site year after year, as long as it remains at all suitable for their purposes, and when they fail to return in the spring it is safe to conclude that some serious misfortune has befallen one, or both. They never build high, rarely more than from 15ft. to 20ft. above, and more often within 7ft. or 8ft. of the earth. The nest itself is built almost entirely of dried grasses, with occasionally a few feathers or other soft material, and sometimes one or two horse-hairs. In reality, it is little more than a rather scanty lining to the cavity. It is impossible to give any accurate dimensions of a typical nest, as these are entirely governed by the size of the hole in which it is placed.

They are the first of the smaller birds to begin their house-keeping arrangements, and the site for a nest is selected and the nest built usually before the middle of April. It is no unusual occurrence to find eggs in the nests even as early as the first of the month, and with the majority they are laid by April 25th. These eggs, of which from four to eight, most often either five or six, are laid in one litter, are of a light turquoise blue, slightly glossy, and immaculate. In intensity of colour they vary but little in a long series, but occasionally an almost pure white one will be laid. In size they average 87-100in. in length by 65-100in. in breadth. While in the act of incubating her eggs the female is a most devoted little mother, as it is sometimes difficult even to drive her from them. I have one case in particular in mind, a nest found by myself containing eggs, which I wished to photograph. The female was sitting upon them, and remained there with the most indomitable courage even after I actually put my hand on her, and it was necessary for me to forcibly remove her from the nest before I could take the photograph showing the eggs. Whether this is an evidence of extreme courage or timidity it is hard to determine. On the face of it, it would seem to be the former, but it may well be that the bird is actually too frightened to leave of her own accord. This conjecture is somewhat borne out by the fact of her abject timidity at other times, for neither she nor the male bird will fight in defence of their home and

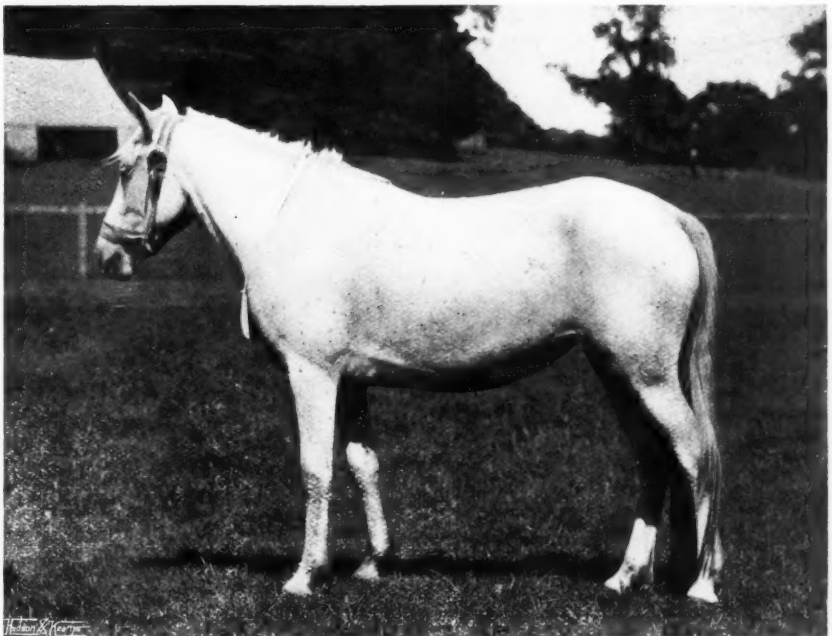
young, as will nearly every other bird, but content themselves with sitting upon the branches of adjacent trees and giving repeated utterance to their plaint. They are not easily driven to desert their nest, however, but will, in most instances, return to it after the visit of an intruder, unless it has been badly demolished. I have known them continue to use a nest soon after their eggs have been removed from it, and in any case they will not go to a great distance from their former site in searching for a new one. In this respect they exhibit an amount of confidence in human nature that is often misplaced, but which nothing seems to shake. Their nature is a most peculiar mixture of shyness and boldness, confidence and timidity.

They usually raise two, occasionally three, broods in a season. I have often found nests containing eggs as late as the middle of June. As soon as the first brood leaves the nest the father bird takes almost exclusive care of them, while the female searches out a new nesting site, and starts the making of a new home for the second brood of youngsters. The second litter is rarely as large as the first, generally consisting of but four or, at the most, five eggs. When the second nest is complete and the eggs laid, the father leaves his first family to shift for themselves, for then all his time will be occupied in attending to the wants of his mate. They rarely use the same nest for both broods, probably because of the fact that by the time the first have left it is so infested with lice as to be hardly a comfortable home for the second brood, though the fumigating effect of a winter's storms so purifies it that, with the little repairing necessary, it is fit for occupancy again the following spring. The young for the first three or four months of their lives resemble their parents but little. Their backs and wings are a slaty blue, and their breasts look more like the breast of a young robin, being of a ruddy brownish hue and thickly spotted and splashed with white. It is not until well into the fall that the white spots disappear and the back and wings begin to acquire the vivid colouring of the old birds. During the middle summer and the fall months the bluebirds are very little in evidence, and even their plaintive warble is hushed, so that often we may look for one in vain. They have retired from active life for a season, to reappear again in smaller numbers when the snow is once more upon the ground.

L. W. BROWNELL.

THE NEW FOREST PONY.

THE popularity of the New Forest as a holiday resort, the opportunities it affords to the lover of the picturesque and of sport, and the spirited picture of colt-hunting in the New Forest by Miss Lucy Kemp Welch, made familiar to us by engravings, have all combined to draw attention to the New Forest pony. The New Forest pony can be put to many uses. He is a clever boy's hunter, trots gaily in harness, and is an enduring and handy mount for the smart New Forest Scouts—a little body of men who, by their horsemanship, their readiness in reading the features of a country, and their marksmanship, would be invaluable in time of war. On the farms of the commoners the forest pony earns his own living and helps to earn that of his master as a miniature cart-horse, drawing one of those serviceable little carts which are used throughout the forest, and might be of the greatest service as transport in time of war. Nor is this all, for the New Forest pony is excellent foundation stock for the breeder of riding ponies. The valuable and successful stud of ponies belonging to the late Miss Standish of Marwell Manor was built up from a New Forest pony. But we may ask: What is a New Forest pony? The answer is that he is the descendant of that ancient race of ponies, native to these islands, which the Romans found here, and valued for their hardiness, intelligence, and docility. These two latter qualities were so marked that a demand grew up for British ponies as trick horses in the caravans of travelling acrobats, which were popular in Roman times as in our own. Since then our native pony has been mixed with many races which have affected its size, colour, and shape to a greater or less degree; but the qualities noted by the Romans are still to be found, and our native ponies are notable for their intelligence, endurance, and hardihood. I think that the native pony has assimilated some strains of alien blood, while others have been weeded out as unfit to stand the hardships of life on the forest. No doubt the factors of climate, of life in herds, and of pasture are always working to bring back the mountain and moorland breeds to the



F. J. Arnott.

FIRST PRIZE THREE YEAR OLD.

Copyright.

original type. Of all our native ponies the New Forest has perhaps been most crossed with alien strains, but there has been evolved the New Forest pony as we see him to-day. He is active, intelligent, teachable, and extraordinarily enduring. He can pick up his own living in the forest all the year round. Owing to the softer climate the New Forest pony is a little larger in size and a little bigger in bone than the Exmoor or Dartmoor. Speaking generally, however, an animal over 13h.—12h. 2in. being the more common height—cannot live out all the year round.

Although the New Forest has the advantage in climate it has not the varied and excellent feed on which the Exmoor and Dartmoor races thrive. The excellence of the New Forest

pony is no new discovery. What we have found out is a sounder method of preserving and improving him than that which used to prevail.

Not so very long ago, when an English lover of horses saw a good breed of ponies, he had the excellent thought, "How can I improve them?" Then he at once began to cross them with alien blood, Arab thorough-bred or hackney, with the effect that he had on his hands an animal which for the most part had the faults of both breeds and the virtues of neither. Then he was disappointed, and the ponies fell into neglect. Now when one visits the New Forest one finds a sounder system in vogue.

The modern idea is to improve our ponies by careful selection of the best and most typical animals of the race to breed from, by the steady elimination of the unfit and weakly ones. But this would not be quite enough. Now that our forests are cut off by lines of fencing from the rest of the country, the breeds, however carefully preserved, would, being confined within narrow limits, begin to deteriorate. Some new blood is necessary, but it need not be alien blood. In colour, in shape, in disposition there is a very great similarity between the native breeds of British ponies. Thus, Exmoor and Dartmoor, Highland and Welsh will breed freely with New Forest, to the benefit of the latter. They lose nothing in their characteristic qualities, which, indeed, are those of all breeds alike, and the infusion of fresh blood gives size and bone. In most of the races of ponies named above there is an infusion of Eastern blood. This is particularly notable in the Highland and the New Forest pony, and perhaps for that reason these two breeds have been successfully crossed on the forest. The first prize brood mare and the first prize two year old at Burley Show, where the photographs were taken, have probably either Highland or Fell pony blood in them. Indeed, in the New Forest, wherever you see a particularly well-coupled dark brown pony standing well on its legs, you may suspect a cross with the Northern breeds. Lord Arthur Cecil, who has some twenty stallions on the forest, has shown in practice that a native pony can be improved both in looks and market value by a cross of one of the allied races. For I have no doubt that far away in the past all our native breeds sprang from one common stock—the indigenous horse of the British Islands. Such differences as there are arise partly from other crosses of blood, not like those kin to the original, but to a much greater degree from the influences of environment, of climate, pasture, and work. But the infusion of judicious crosses of blood not alien would not be enough. Several people are endeavouring to start a system of registration—Lord Lucas, Mr. Coote of Burley Manor, and others. This has been warmly taken up by the foresters themselves, and out of a little local pony race-meeting has grown a large and important show, held this year in Mr. Coote's park at



F. J. Arnott.

SECOND PRIZE BROOD MARE.

Copyright.

Burley Manor. Nowhere except in Wales could you see so large a crowd (there must have been quite 2,000 people present) gathered at a pony show, nor so much genuine interest, as at Burley.

To turn to the pictures. The grey pony, which won the first prize in the driving class, had both power and action. The brood mares, which have all been running in the forest (one had never even been haltered till she came to the show), are very typical, and even the least observant must note the traces of Eastern blood in the grey mare. A little pony who won the jumping prize, never once touched a twig, and he is so handy, that when I went to see him on his owner's farm, he leaped a single hurdle set up in the middle of the field. It will add greatly to the pleasure of lovers of horses who visit the forest if they pay some attention to the remarkable breed of little horses, useful alike for peace or war, that are to be found there.

X.

IN TIME OF DROUGHT.

A MOB of cattle are slowly stringing across a mile of barren plain with a man and two pack-horses in the rear. Their heads are lowered as if to feed, but no trace of grass is there on the drought-seared earth, and they can only nose about in the powdery dust in search for the sapless roots which lie buried. All day without food or water they have drifted on beneath the blazing sun, over country that crackles underfoot like cigar ash, and rises in thin filmy clouds of dust. No sign of budding life is there in shrub or flower, but a few gaunt, unlovely trees raise their ragged branches to heaven hopelessly. Unshrouded skeletons standing forth hideously naked in the white light of day. From horizon to horizon the world is a vast monochrome in russet brown, ghastly and awe-inspiring. Nature is arrayed in mourning garments for her ruthless slaughter of life in plant and beast. It seems the death of all things, and the few shrunken animals remaining are almost destitute of the last blind instinct to keep alive. A handful of lean hares, palsied by hunger, hop feebly away for a few yards, and then sit down like a row of spectres to watch the passing mob. Others lie prostrate in the middle of the track, too weak to move, and the cattle step out of their way, staring at them with bloodshot eyes, and sniffing suspiciously at their emaciated bodies.

But the tragedy of it all is most apparent in the case of the two pack-horses, Gipsy and Bess. The latter is a lean, clove brown mare from the fertile Murray Valley, where the grass grows waist-high, and the fecund earth seems prodigal in its abundance of food and water. Unused to the long dry stretches of sun-scorched plain, and the parched track, her vitality has been absorbed as though by a sponge. Her flanks quiver weakly at every step, and her breath begins to come painfully in low half-choked sobs. Gipsy, her mate, a tough, weather-beaten stock-horse inoculated by custom against hardship and starvation, plods along pluckily beside her, giving little short



F. J. Arnott. THE WINNER OF THE DRIVING COMPETITION.

Copyright

whinnies of encouragement. There is something beautifully human in the expression of the animal's face, as it glances from time to time at its weak and faltering companion. It seems to know that Death is stalking behind them over the red-hot sand, waiting mercilessly for its prey. When the exhausted mare stops for breath, it halts instinctively by her side, and the two heads droop together as if in communion. In the six weeks since the station was left behind they have never left each other's side, sharing loads by day, and the scanty herbage of the camping-ground by night. Now that the last battle has come, they are fighting it doggedly together, the mare with dauntless courage trying to wrestle with her weakness, and the other horse sniffing eagerly at the air for the smell of hidden water.

At length Nature will be resisted no longer. The mare slips in a dust-covered hole and falls back on her haunches. She staggers bravely to regain her feet, but her fleshless limbs fail her, and with a shuddering groan she sinks to the ground. The man, hearing the noise of the fall, turns back and dismounts, cutting the pack from her back, while the stock-horse looks on, its head bent low over the prostrate body, and its sensitive nostrils quivering in sympathy. The man makes a few attempts to lift the mare to her feet, but she has no strength to sustain her, and he sees it is useless. The cattle are hurrying on ahead in a half-maddened search for water, and

nothing remains but to leave her to her fate on the plains. He has not even a revolver to shorten the slow torturing hours that must pass before the end comes. Hesitatingly he mounts, and tries to lead the other pack-horse away, but it refuses to follow, circling round its fallen mate and neighing in despair. After many efforts he blindfolds it, and coaxes it along the track. The deserted mare lifts her head, and gazes after them longingly, a terrible fear in her eyes, but they dwindle to small brown spots on the plain, and are gradually blotted out in the distance. The cattle, frenzied by the smell of water, have broken into a loping trot, and swing along with heaving sides and trembling flanks. The pace increases, till the miles of brown, burnt plain are passed, and a thin white streak appears ahead gleaming like a silver ribbon in the sand.

A little later in the evening, on the bank of a lantana-fringed creek, the man unsaddles the pack-horse and takes the bandage from its eyes. The cattle are rushing madly into the water, wading waist-deep and trying to quench their raging thirst by long, deep draughts, but the horse breaks away, and with uplifted head casts dazed searching glances around the drab horizon. The dark roving eyes flash eagerly from side to side, and then a heart-broken whinny escapes the animal as it sees a faint black patch in the air, Nature's scavengers, the crows, circling round a spot far away ready to glean their harvest.

IN THE EAGLE'S EYRIE.

THE existence of two distinct species of British eagles has from time to time given rise to much confusion as regards the habits, habitat, and range of each, although their several peculiarities are such that naturalists would have little difficulty in identifying them at sight. The immature birds of the golden and white-tailed species are, however, so similar that, were it not for the fact that young birds seldom migrate for any great distances, the casual observer might well mistake the inland eagle for his seaside relative. South of the Border the golden eagle has now become, for all practical purposes, extinct; and there seems to be little chance of its being re-established in its former haunts among the wild Welsh hills or the Cumberland Fells. Every single specimen which finds its way, weary with much travelling, to the Southern Counties is ruthlessly butchered, and in Scotland below the Highland Border the scarcity of this noble bird is equally noticeable. North of the Tay we find a gradual increase in its numbers, till in the distant corries of Sutherland and Ross the grand birds may be seen day by day soaring on outstretched pinions, the few surviving eyries being jealously guarded by proprietors who are endeavouring to preserve the golden eagle from extinction.

In the Grampians and in the Monadhliadh range, fastnesses tenanted in former days by a race as wild and predatory in their habits as the birds of prey themselves, the naturalist sees with regret deserted eyries of the eagle in almost every corrie where rocks suitable for a nesting-place are found; and though the extension of deer-forests has done much to arrest the decline of the species, it is a lamentable fact that, in spite of all measures



H. B. Macpherson.

1,400ft. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

Copyright.

taken to protect them, fewer pairs breed in this district year by year. Unfortunately, the golden eagle does not, like some of his lesser cousins, disdain carrion, and the traps set for the hill-fox and for hooded crows frequently lure him to his doom. The majority of the eyries being situated in deer-forests, where in most cases grouse are a minor consideration, the harm done by

the few existing pairs is inappreciable, and the chief crime which can be laid to their door is that from time to time a sportsman draws a whole beat blank, the grouse having been swept off it previous to his arrival by a wandering bird from the neighbouring forest.

The scarcity of the golden eagle in the Grampians rendered it no easy matter to obtain the photographs which illustrate this article; but towards the end of May in the present year, an eyrie suitable for the purpose was located in a steep cliff, which, as experiment showed, could be scaled without the aid of a rope. For some years an adjacent eyrie, equally accessible, had been occupied, but the nest having been plundered for three successive seasons the birds had wisely returned to their former home. The old nest was gradually rebuilt, till on a huge structure of heather and sticks the female laid her two eggs, blotched with reddish brown. It is worth noting that at this elevation, nearly 1,400ft. above sea-level, it is extremely uncommon for both eggs to be hatched, the first laid being presumably spoilt by the sharp spring



H. B. Macpherson.

THE FIRST-BORN.

Copyright.

frosts, while the female commences incubation as soon as the second is deposited.

A snowstorm of unparalleled severity for this season of the year, followed by a succession of wet, misty days, rendered it impossible for me to pay my first visit to the eyrie till May 29th. A clear, bright morning dawned at last, and, shortly after daybreak, a start was made for the forest where the nest was situated. Walking and cycling at intervals, I was heartily sick of the rough hill-road and of the weight of my camera and other impedimenta before I reached the lodge, some three hours later, and here, equipped with a stout staff and the usual glass, I found the stalker waiting to escort me to my destination. For the first time for a fortnight no mist lay on the tops of the weird fantastic outlines of the rugged peaks around, and the sun shone at intervals through white fleecy clouds. All seemed favourable for the undertaking, and a brisk walk of about three-quarters of an hour brought us to the foot of the corrie where, on a ledge of a precipice overhanging a burn, the eagle had made her home. Great wreaths of snow still spanned the burn, and on one of these we crossed as over a natural bridge. Imagine, if you can, a deep gloomy gorge with sheer rocks descending to the water on either side, while the course of the stream wound through the piled up masses of *débris* fallen from the overhanging crags. My guide then suggested that we should first scale the hill facing the eyrie and endeavour to ascertain whether the eggs were hatched. Possibly we might see the eagle on her nest with the aid of his glass, although, as the event proved, she would probably see us before we could bring the glass to bear on the nest. It was a stiff climb, but eventually, turning a corner of the cliff, we peeped carefully over a rock and found ourselves perhaps a couple of hundred yards from the eyrie on the opposite side of the corrie. Vaguely formed hopes of obtaining a photograph of the eagle on her nest with the aid of the telephoto lens were now rudely shattered, and in any case the distance would probably have been too great. The great bird flapped from the nest, flew down the corrie, and perched on a distant crag. It is not without reason that the keen sight of the eagle has become proverbial. A careful survey of the eyrie with the glass revealed the fact that one egg was hatched, while the other lay alongside the downy youngster, which had evidently only emerged from the shell within the last few days. As we watched, the male bird came in from hunting, a ptarmigan, ready plucked for the eaglet's midday meal, in his claws. This he bore to the eyrie, deposited it on the edge of the nest, and,

point from which the precipice could be scaled. At first glance the position seemed impregnable; but, as we advanced from one crag to another, a ledge of rock came into sight, along which, in single file, we crawled slowly upwards to the eyrie. Below us the burn roared, and the wind howled through the gorge; great drops of rain fell from the clouds. Here a false step spelt death, and, as we climbed, rocks, dislodged from their places, thundered down the cliff.

At last we came to a halt, and the eyrie lay in full view



H. B. Macpherson.

MANIFESTING HIS DISLIKE TO STRANGERS.

Copyright.

before us; but, alas! the sun had disappeared, and the light which penetrated the corrie was of the worst possible description. To add to my difficulties, the nest in which the eaglet lay asleep was in the shadow of a ledge of rock, in a sort of natural cavity, where no rain could reach the inmates. I crept slowly nearer along the ledge, and the eaglet awoke from his midday nap. The rain ceased, and for a moment the sky seemed about to clear, though other clouds loomed in the distance. The camera was produced from its case, and four plates were exposed in quick succession, snap-shots of necessity, for the eaglet was continually moving, growing restless and impatient in the absence of its parents. Then the mist closed in again, and the failing light rendered it hopeless to expect to obtain further photographs on this occasion. I had now leisure to take my bearings, and to decide how I might rig up some contrivance in the future in order to obtain a rest for the camera, instantaneous exposures at such close range with the aid of a view-finder being somewhat uncertain.

My next visit to the eyrie was under even less favourable circumstances, and I returned home without having secured a single picture, for wreaths of mist and torrents of rain made instantaneous photography hopeless, while an attempt to make a short-time exposure was frustrated by the continual movements of the eaglet. It became evident that the weather would prove my chief difficulty; but one of the photographs taken on the first occasion having proved satisfactory, I waited till the bird was about half-grown before again attempting to secure its portrait. Once more the mist came down before my operations were at an end, and though a few passable negatives were obtained, they were all considerably under-exposed, owing to the fact that the plumage of the bird had now undergone a further change, the dark feathers replacing the first downy covering. When the light is deficient a white bird in deep shadow is vastly easier to photograph than a dark one in a similar situation.

On July 7th I found my way to the forest again, and on this occasion spent the night at the lodge, thus having two days at my disposal. The first proved unsuitable, but a not unprofitable visit was paid to a peregrine's eyrie near the county march. The next day, after a slight touch of frost, broke clear, bright, and sunny, and after a hearty breakfast I again climbed to the eyrie. I found the young eagle sunning himself on the rocks close to the nest, and, piling a few rocks together, soon constructed a support for



H. B. Macpherson.

AWAKING FROM HIS MIDDAY NAP.

Copyright.

catching sight of us on the opposite face, soared away to the horizon. It is a curious fact that all birds brought to the eyrie are carefully plucked by the adult eagles for the benefit of their offspring, and that this is continued even after the young have left the nest, until the time arrives when the latter are capable of securing their own food.

Heavy clouds were now gathering in the north, and, the sun being in such a position that its rays penetrated into the eyrie, I hastily made my way, under the stalker's guidance, to the only

the camera. Focussing was, however, no easy matter, with one leg hanging over the precipice, while my friend the stalker gripped my other foot; for the camera was in such a position that I must necessarily kneel or lie down to focus. A short string was attached to the camera in case of accident, and one end of this my companion held in his hand. A plate was successfully exposed, and a nearer approach was made to the eagle. He seemed disposed to do battle with the intruders, but, thinking discretion the better part of valour flapped slowly back



H. B. Macpherson.

A SULLEN RETREAT.

into the eyrie, in which undignified retreat I photographed him as he retired from view. This accomplished, we found it possible to crawl under the ledge overhanging the nest, with the object of ascertaining the state of the eagle's larder. Young grouse, ptarmigans, and hill hares seemed to form his staple diet, though the adult birds have been known to bear away to the eyrie "calves" of the red deer and lambs from the hill grazings below the forest march.

During these and all my previous operations the old birds seemed to pay no attention to our presence, flying away to a great distance when we appeared. The cleanliness of the nest was remarkable when we consider that the birds are carnivorous, and I conclude that the refuse of their meals was thrown over the cliff by the parents, a fate which is invariably shared by the addled egg when all hope of its hatching has been abandoned.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SNOW-BUNTING.

THE snow-bunting is a bird about which comparatively little is known—during the nesting season, at all events; and there has been a good deal of controversy as to whether it really does breed in this country. Within the last few years, however, the nest has been found once or twice in some of our highest mountains, and recently I heard the cock in full song on the plateau of Bra.-Riach, one of the Cairngorm Mountains, and about 4,200ft. in height. The song is very sweet and wild, and harmonises with the drear mountains where the bird loves to nest. It consists of three or four clear ringing notes, sounding like "Tree, tree, tree, tree," and is far more musical than the efforts of any of its relatives. The birds are met with on the Cairngorms in July, but it is said that they nest in Norway in April, and have returned by the former month. I should think this extremely unlikely, as the snow-bunting is a very late breeder, and the Cairngorms form an ideal nesting-ground. Very probably the bird I heard in song had a sitting mate in the vicinity, but, as mist was threatening, I thought it more prudent to push on, as I had many miles to cover ere I reached civilisation. The favourite nesting-ground is a rock-strewn hillside, and the nest is placed under a stone. The only ptarmigan I met with during the climb were considerably above 4,000ft., and none seemed to have either nests or young ones. As late as June 30th quite a severe storm of snow visited these mountains, so probably the nests and young of the higher nesting birds were destroyed. It is wonderful what terror the appearance of an eagle causes among the ptarmigan. They

completely lose their heads, and fly aimlessly in all directions. The eagle chases them just for the fun of the thing, though one doubts whether it is fun on the ptarmigan's side. Without moving his wings the king of birds overtakes a luckless ptarmigan with the greatest of ease, and having circled round it, transfers his attention to another; then tiring of that form of amusement, he soars off, and is soon lost to sight.

LATE NESTING OF COMMON AND LESSER TERN.

As late as July 24th, on visiting a large colony of terns on the Aberdeenshire coast, I was surprised to find numbers of nests with eggs still remaining in them. While walking over the nesting-ground I came upon at least a dozen nests of the common species, and doubtless there were many more in the vicinity. I also saw at least two nests of the lesser tern with eggs still in them. This is rather extraordinary, considering that the terns, or at any rate those which nest on the river Dee, leave their nesting sites before the middle of August for their Southern homes across the sea. Of course the first, and also I should think the second, clutches of these birds must have been taken, and I was told of a man who openly boasted of having taken seventy-four eggs of the lesser tern this season, and this in spite of the fact that the eggs of both birds are protected by Act of Parliament, and the police-station is not a mile distant! In the case of the common tern the taking of the eggs does not matter so much, as I should say there were 1,000 at this nesting site alone; but it is altogether different with regard to the lesser or little tern, which is decreasing everywhere, and has, I believe, only one nesting-ground in Scotland. I discovered one young common tern, almost full fledged, which was unable to fly, but pushed itself along the sand with wings outstretched. Possibly it had suffered some injury, as my attention was first drawn to it by the crowds of adult birds which were hovering over it, calling loudly the while. When I approached, the young bird uttered the most discordant cries, and immediately all the terns in the vicinity appeared on the scene, and many of them swooped at my head. When I put my finger down the youngster seized it with its beak, and held on tightly with wings outstretched. Several birds continued

Copyright.

swooping at me for a considerable time, and some of them had fish in their bills, which they did not attempt to swallow. Near the nesting-grounds were an immense flock of gulls, common and black-backed, and when these were flushed the terns swooped at them in fury, but failed to make much impression on their numbers, which must have been quite 1,000. The lesser terns were much more timid, and flew backwards and forwards at a good height. Their cry is sharper, and is repeated much more quietly, than that of their larger relatives; in fact, it is not at all unlike the chattering song of the swallow. The common variety lay their eggs on the sand dunes, whereas the lesser terns have their nests on the shingle, and all breed very close together. Last year, in a very short time I discovered sixteen nests; but this season the birds seem to have decreased considerably, and no wonder! They are very confiding, and if one sits motionless in the vicinity of their nests they will very soon return, and it is a charming sight to see them brooding while their mates bring them fish from the sea; in fact,



H. B. Macpherson.

A SNOW BRIDGE.

Copyright.

sometimes quite a flight of terns are seen, one lot going from the nesting-ground to the sea and the other returning with their "catch." A good way of discovering the nests of the lesser tern is to follow up the footmarks of the birds and they will generally lead one to the nests.

FLYING POWERS OF THE YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLE.

During July the young eagles which have been in the eyrie for fully two months are usually launched into the world. A short time ago I visited an eyrie which I knew to contain young birds, but on approaching it was surprised to see no signs of life. However, when within about 20yds. of the

nest the young eaglet, which had evidently been crouching, flew right out, and with scarcely a movement of its wings was soon lost to view. It was really an extraordinary feat for a first effort, especially as one reads of the old birds carrying the young aloft and teaching them to fly. Had it not been for the almost bare neck and colour of the bird it might have been doubted whether it was really a young one at all. Beside the eyrie was found a newly-killed grouse, partly plucked. The crop was open, and was seen to be stuffed full of tender heather shoots, perfectly fresh, so that evidently the grouse had had a meal just before its capture. The call of the eaglets is very similar to that of the old birds, but weaker, and directly they see the parent bird they begin to call loudly. After leaving the nest the fully-fledged eaglets remain near it for a considerable period, and even if they are disturbed during the daytime they will always return at nightfall. Strange to say, a rock-dove had her nest just beneath the eyrie, and seemed to be quite undisturbed by the eagles. Also small birds, such as the bullfinch and redstart, are met with abundantly all round the eyrie. It would be interesting to know what eventually becomes of the young eaglets, as they do not seem to remain in the vicinity long. At all events, on one estate that I know of three or four young are usually reared annually, yet the numbers of nesting birds do not increase. It would seem that the old birds drive the young away directly they are able to forage for themselves; but then, where do they go? The only conclusion to be drawn is that they leave this country altogether, so that the eagle that one sees on the Alps may have been bred in a Scottish deer forest. Their nesting this year has been a disastrous one, as in only one eyrie that I know of have the young been reared successfully. One pair, bolder than usual, nested in close proximity to a good-sized village, but their secret was soon discovered, and the spot visited by most of the small boys of the village. As the eyrie was out of their reach, they had their revenge by throwing stones at it, and so naturally the birds soon deserted. One of the pairs whose eyries had been broken down by the weight of snow last winter nested on a rock, the whole structure being supported by a tiny birch tree, so that I should not have been surprised to have seen the nest one day lying at the foot of the cliff.

SETON P. GORDON.



A. Pettit. LOOKING DOWN THE AIRA STREAM, ULLSWATER.

Copyright

and deepened, perhaps, rather than broken by the splash and gurgle of the stream.

"A little breeze, perchance,
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave in seeming silence reaches
A soft eye music of slow waving boughs."

The glen has lost nothing in depth or stillness since Wordsworth's day, a broad riband of dark leaves drawn across the open hill sides, veiling the rushing beck which year by year cuts its way deeper into the hard rock. The steep bank to the left rises directly to the heights of Gowbarrow, the right or north-west bank is crowned by many meadows, added, by a final effort of Canon Rawnsley, to the possessions of the Trust. In the meadows took place the opening ceremony, and from them fell, lake, and mountain combine in a series of pictures each more entrancing than the last.

It was in the near neighbourhood of Gowbarrow that Wordsworth saw his daffodils:

"Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

And in a simple ballad he tells the legend of Lylulph's Tower and the tragedy of Aira Force. De Quincey, too, has given his impressions of Ullswater and Gowbarrow derived from a long ride with the poet from Patterdale to Ensemere, where lived Thomas Clarkson, the ally of Wilberforce in the work of emancipation. De Quincey was, perhaps, recovering from a dose of opium, or, perhaps, merely voicing the distaste for wild places which prevailed to a comparatively late date. Gowbarrow Park he suitably styles "the most romantic of parks," but it is a little difficult to understand where he saw "the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles

"Abbey windows,
Like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,"

all fantastic and as unreal and shadowy as the moonlight which created them." It needs, however, no associations with the thought and impressions of another day, not even the descriptions of the great Lake Poet, to make us realise how varied and beautiful a property has passed into the hands of the nation; to be preserved with tender care from all disfiguring and vulgarising change, for the refreshment of the jaded townsman, and the delight of all who love Nature in her larger works.

SHOOTING.

WILD DUCK.

A PART from rabbits, and vermin both in fur and feather, the creature which is the first to give sport to the gunner in the new shooting season is the wild duck—the mallard and its many cousins. There is a fairly general reaction just at present from the fashion of breeding wild duck artificially on any large scale, for shooting, as was first done, we believe, at Netherby. It is now, as we are informed, given up even there, the home-fed duck being found on the whole to give not very satisfactory shooting. But it is quite another story where the shooting is of the really wild duck in its native habitat. This is both good fun and good shooting. It is followed as a regular and recognised branch of sport on the banks of many rivers, most notably perhaps beside the Hampshire Avon, where the shooting from what are called "gazes" is really very exciting, and all the more appreciated because it comes so early in the season, before the gunner's zest has been at all dulled by shooting at other game.

One of the questions which is a good deal debated is whether the shooting of the wild duck does not begin just a little too early. Opinions differ, and it may be said that this year, especially,

THE NATIONAL PARK ON ULLSWATER.

IN our last issue we chronicled the formal opening by the Speaker of the House of Commons of the beautiful tract of land which has been acquired by the National Trust on the shores of Ullswater. We are now able to present a view of this new National Park. The term "park" is, indeed, strictly accurate, for the greater part of the land purchased has hitherto been known as Gowbarrow Park, and is surrounded by a deer fence. Among the rocks and bracken both red and fallow deer may often be descried, and the lucky stranger may chance upon a cast-off antler to remind him of his visit. Deer, indeed, are to be found on both sides of Ullswater, and despite every obstacle of lake and fence, an adventurous stag will, it is said, sometimes make acquaintance with its neighbours across the water. A hundred and fifty years ago other wild animals of a less desirable kind infested the district. So serious were their ravages amongst the flocks, that it was an incident of the feudal tenure that the lord of the manor should maintain dogs for the hunting of vermin, and his tenants should, for their protection, render a tribute, known as Forester (or Foster) Oats! Neglect on the lord's part to maintain his pack led to serious controversies in the middle of the eighteenth century; finally, the tenants organised a hunt for themselves, and in Whitsun Week, 1759, destroyed "fifteen foxes, seven badgers, twelve wild cats, and nine martens (or clean marts), besides a prodigious number of foul marts, ravens, glands," etc. Let us hope the flocks had rest after this slaughter!

One can well imagine that the ancient fauna of the isle would linger long in these fastnesses. On the Gowbarrow side of the lake are good roads, and signs of habitation. But opposite, dark rocks descending almost sheer into the water, and a wild medley of high fells (Place Fell, Beda Head, High Street) cluster round Martindale, and stretch away south-east to Hawes Water. Not without human associations, indeed, is this waste region, for Place Fell commemorates St. Blasius, Beda Head is so named in honour of the Venerable Bede, and records the existence hereabouts of a cell of the Benedictine Monastery at the lower end of Ullswater, while High Street is a Roman road running on a ridge some 2,000ft. above the sea. But storm and wind have held their own against all comers, and this side of the lake is still a lonely place, traversed only by rough pony tracks here and there.

These austere heights give grandeur to the views from Gowbarrow across the broad strip of water, black beneath the clouds, or full blue under the westering sun. Immediately below stands in its sheltering trees Lylulph's Tower, the quaint eighteenth century shooting-box of the Dukes of Norfolk, solid with stone turrets and corridors, and perpetuating, it is said, the name of the first baron who held the Greystoke estates, of which Gowbarrow is part. Jutting out into the lake below the tower is a flat tongue of bright meadow, and, away to the right, greensward and darker trees border the lake as it bends in noble lines due south towards Patterdale. In contrast with these wide, open views, with the breezy, sunny beauty of mountain, lake, and hill-side, is the delightful Aira Glen, where the prevailing note is leafy stillness,

local differences in the dates of breeding, and also in the results of the breeding, of the duck have been greater than usual, a case which is only "on all fours" with that of most of the other wild creatures. There were spells of severe weather at the breeding-time, and these sharp snaps caught the birds at different stages of the breeding processes in different places, and the effects also were different in proportion. Moreover, the weather conditions themselves were very local, and all the difference in the world is made by the degree of shelter, from snow falling with a wind in a certain direction, which the ground chosen for nesting happens to afford. In Ireland, where the duck are generally early, they are decidedly late this year. Whether or no we shoot our duck too early, it is almost certain that our close time begins too late. It begins on March 1st, and many eggs are often laid in February.

Whether the flapper is ready to be shot on August 1st depends a good deal on the manner of shooting him. The manner in these "gazes," whether on the Avon or elsewhere, is worth a moment's description. The "gazes" themselves are practically hides, or butts made in the course of a long screen of wattle hurdles aiding the natural growth of the river-side trees and undergrowth to conceal the approach of a gunner to the river. The "gazes" are made so high that a man can see over, and shoot over, the side at duck on the water. When a shoot is organised, the plan is for the guns, say four or five, to assemble near one of the screens in which the "gazes" are set. Then the organiser of the shoot, the host or his keeper, allots each gun a certain "gaze"; he calculates the time which it will take the gun whose "gaze" is farthest off to reach it, and then says, "Off to your 'gazes'"; but, remember, no shot is to be fired for ten minutes"—supposing romin. to be the time calculated for the farthest gun to reach his post. When the romin. are up any gun may fire, and even before that most of the guns will probably have made up their minds as to the best mode of operation and salutation towards the duck which are heard quacking on the water outside the "gaze." Every gun's muzzle is probably poking out just over the edge of the "gaze" before the last second or two of the allotted time. Then somebody (perhaps yourself) fires, and everybody else is ready to do the same, first one shot at the duck swimming on the water, as seen at the instant of raising your head above the screen, then a second shot at them as they rise. So far this is duck-killing. Perhaps it is hardly as yet sport. You may, perhaps, get in yet another duck-killing barrel at birds which are slow at getting away, because they have been swimming among the trees and bushes growing out over the water. But after that it really does begin to be sport. The duck, in their flight, are sure to keep more or less, or to return again and again, to the line of the river, and give repeated shots. Birds of many sorts (widgeon, teal, and some of the less-recognised duck—one may just possibly be a great rarity) come flying from all directions. A teal gives one of the most sporting and difficult shots that any bird can give, and in a recent discussion among the great shots as to the bird most difficult of all to hit, some named the teal which was taken with the second barrel, after the first barrel had startled the little birds to fly in all directions, and in all kinds of curves, according to their manner. That is one of the excitements of this shooting, that you never know how the birds are going to come, nor what kind of bird may be coming next, nor from what direction. If these do not fulfil the conditions of really sporting shooting, it is very hard to say what can do so. Then, when the birds cease to come any longer,

and seem to have arrived at the conclusion that there are safer quarters to be found elsewhere, the guns come out of the "gazes" and move off up or down the river to repeat the operations at another set of "gazes."

GROUSE ON THE EARLY DAYS.

OF course, no one who has any knowledge of the conditions of modern grouse-shooting imagines that the Twelfth of August (speaking of the date as generally fixed for the first shooting of the birds, and not as deferred this year by the Twelfth happening to be a Sunday) is likely to demonstrate the condition and numbers of the birds and the general prospects of the year. Comparatively few moors are touched till a good deal later. We are, however, able to glean some indications from what was seen on the first legal day of the grouse-shooting, and one of the few facts, confirming anticipations, which seems as if it might be correctly stated in general terms, is that, taking all the country over, the birds are late—there are a great many still very young and not fit to shoot. Of course, this means that the first brood perished, or rather that the first-laid eggs came to nothing, and that these young birds now seen are the result of a second hatch. Generally speaking it does not appear as if the season was likely to be as bad as had been feared, when the total results come to be reckoned, but it is more than likely that the first drives will be much below the average. On the second time over, the second-brood birds will begin to form a big portion of the bags, and then the average numbers may be made up. The present numbers of birds fit to shoot on the moors are the more difficult to gauge because the weather as a rule seems to have been so bad and wet, on the first day or two, that the birds naturally would not show themselves properly. In the West and the South of Scotland they seem to be certainly better than prognostications had led one to believe, and also to be more generally distributed; that is to say, to be fairly good on the hills and in the valleys alike. It is not to be gathered that any specific disease has made its appearance. Some reports speak of the birds succumbing to "disease"; but we do not gather that it is to be understood that this means the "grouse disease" which is the subject of investigation by the Commission now sitting, and which, in its rather pathetic lack of victims to examine, has been likened to the "poor lion" in the Roman amphitheatre which "hadn't got a Christian." For the rest, the reports confirm the anticipations in being very different from place to place, accordingly, so we may surmise, as the April snow-storms, which are really at the root of all the failures, struck the nesting birds severely or lightly. We think that this is the character of the year generally in regard to game, whether grouse, red deer, or partridges. The local differences of weather have been remarkable, just at the crucial times, and, in consequence, the local differences in the welfare of the stock of game generally have been proportionately great. Pheasants, of course, as a more artificial product, have been less affected.

PROSPECTS FOR WOODCOCK AND SNIPE

The very abnormal distribution of the woodcock last winter will make it all the more interesting to observe how their numbers will appear, locally, in the coming season. Probably on account of the winter's unusual mildness, a great many of the birds seem to have stayed in those East Coast districts where they arrived first after their flight over the North Sea, and did not move westward as they do in a normal year when the East Coast gets frost-bound and the food supplies fail in the colder regions of our islands. For several—indeed, for very many—years past a very large increase has been observed in the numbers of the woodcock nesting with us, and in a less degree the same observation applies to snipe. This year both birds have been very numerous nesting, both in England and Scotland, and especially in Ireland, where one who has observed them closely for many years says that he has never before known either kind so plentiful. Unfortunately, in the case of the woodcock, at all events, this abundance of the nesting birds is no argument that we shall find many in the shooting season, or, at least, after its very early days. The very large proportion of birds of that species with us in the winter have nested in a more northerly latitude, and our own nesting birds have gone South. Such, at least, is the generally accepted view, quite as well ascertained as most opinions of its sort.

GUNNERY.

NO man, we are told, can shoot well with a gun that does not fit him, no matter how excellent the weapon may be in balance, general handiness, and shooting power. Particularly must this be the case in all the most popular forms of modern shooting, such as grouse and partridge driving, and with high rocketing pheasants, where quickness of performance on the part of the gunner is essential in order to obtain good results. "Your birds are in such a (blank) of a hurry," a jovial, easy-tempered guest remarked to his host one day at a big partridge-drive when the wind was strong. "I can't get my gun off in time before they are out of shot." Needless to add, the guest in question had not been adding largely to the bag that day. Which reminds us of a somewhat similar remark made by an excellent gun-shot who was taking part in a deer-drive for the first time in his life. The scene was a Norwegian pine forest, and the



W. A. Rouch

WAITING BEHIND A GAZE.

Copyright



Clark & Hyde.

THE TRY-GUN.

Copyright.

sportsman in question had been posted in a wooded ravine near a lake, a favourite deer pass, and duly cautioned not to shoot too hurriedly at a stag, as if it were a woodcock; this being the prevailing tendency with those inexperienced in deer-driving. As luck would have it, a fine stag *did* take the pass, came and looked at our friend within 25yds., got a whiff of his wind, and instantaneously disappeared, just as an express bullet whistled harmlessly over his back. The rifleman subsequently explained that he was taking deliberate aim, but the stag was in too great a hurry to allow the operation. In both the cases mentioned the inability to get the respective weapons off in time might have been caused because the sportsman in question was using a gun (or rifle) which did not fit him properly. We say "might" advisedly, because it is not well to dogmatise about such occurrences. There are many reasons for bad shooting. Let us assume, however, that the gunner in the partridge-drive had never taken the trouble to have his gun properly fitted; also that the rifleman was using a borrowed rifle that did not suit him, which, as a matter of fact, happened to be the case. This hypothesis would amply account for failure in both cases. By a badly-fitting gun (or rifle) is meant a weapon that does not come naturally to the right place on the shoulder, nor, equally naturally and instinctively, align itself correctly on the bird (or beast) that is being shot at. Apart from the personal equation of every gunner, the fitting of the weapon is a question in each case of a certain amount of mechanical science on the part of the gunmaker. Men may, and do, shoot badly on occasions with the best-fitting weapons. It is certain they will never be quick, first-

class performers with badly-fitting weapons. It is therefore as well for all gunners, when buying a gun, to have it properly fitted. The adjustable try-gun and the flying target are the mechanisms by means of which the modern gun-maker now professes to fit, and doubtless succeeds in most cases in fitting, a new gun to the purchaser. The try-gun, which is of the same weight and balance as an ordinary sporting gun, has a stock fitted with an ingenious arrangement of double joints and screws, by means of which the length, bend, and cast-off can be altered on the spot to suit any length of arm and breadth of shoulder. By practising with the try-gun at the flying target (a mechanical bird or clay-pigeon moved rapidly across a large screen), it is not difficult to ascertain the correct fit of stock for the shooter. If, for instance, the shot strike the target persistently high (or low), the stock is presumably either too straight or too bent, as the case may be, for the shooter. When the shot persistently strike behind the bird, the conclusion is not so obvious. Birds projected in opposite directions require to be alternately tried. If the gun itself, and not the man behind, be at fault, the shot in one case will strike behind the bird, and in the other case too much in front, thus proving that there is either too much or too little cast-off, as the case may be, of the stock for the particular shooter.

The precise length of stock suitable in every case is not so



Clark & Hyde.

TRY-GUN ADJUSTED TO CORRECT LENGTH.

Copyright.

easy a matter to decide. A "rule of thumb" method is to measure the length from the elbow to the top of the middle finger, and take this as the length of stock required. (See accompanying photographs.) The purchaser, if not a tyro, can usually judge for himself, and by his performance at the flying target, what particular length, bend, and cast-off best suit him. It is as well here, perhaps, to interpolate a general word of warning and advice to those who may be thinking of having stocks of old (and tried) weapons altered. It is advisable not to be too "pernickety" about the fit of one's gun. An old friend is not lightly to be tampered with. One may be shooting "behind" or "under" all day, and yet the fault is not necessarily in the gun. Let no alteration be made from an old and tried fit, unless the necessity be very clearly demonstrated, when, for example, a new pair of guns is being altered. Every gunner thinks, at times, that his guns are not doing him justice, and that they might be altered for the better, when all the time it is the late hours, the too-good living, or a system not yet attuned to a shooting holiday after a long spell of sedentary work that are really responsible for indifferent performance in the field. Besides the "try-gun" and flying target, there is another product of modern gunnery science, to wit, the shooting-school, which, however, deserves a separate article, in a later issue, to itself.

H. S-K.



Clark & Hyde.

GAUGING THE LENGTH OF STOCK REQUIRED.

Copyright.

ON THE GREEN.

THE CALCUTTA CUP.

THE tournament for the Calcutta Cup, which has been in progress on the new course at St. Andrews during the past week, has some interesting "points" apart from the actual matches and their result. Those who are not minutely informed in golfing history may think it strange that the cup should have such a title, Oriental in suggestion, as "Calcutta." It is a name which is a tribute to the Scot's love of his home and of his home pursuits in a far-off land. The golf club at Calcutta is the oldest known south of the Tweed, with the exception of the Royal Blackheath Club, which has older records than any Scottish club. It was founded, as long ago as 1829, by Scots who were resident in the town and its neighbourhood. St. Andrews has also its "Bombay" medal, which is again suggestive of the remembrance of St. Andrews and of golf in a land which is more shiny and less "tonic" with its breezes than the East Neuk of Fife.

This tournament, as observed, was played on the new course; and to the old school of golfer—that past school, of which the mortal remains sleep in the little churchyard on the slope overlooking St. Andrews Bay—the very idea that there could be any course worthy the name at St. Andrews other than that classic one on which they so delighted and so suffered would come with a cold chill. It would seem incredible. Yet there are those who tell us (the present writer is not of the number) that the new course is as good, as interesting, and as satisfactory as the old; on which statement one may make the comment that, when both courses are open, you will find very few playing of preference on the new. Most seem to think it a very good course indeed—"for all the other fellows." They are altruistically inclined to leave it to them. But, however that may be, there is no doubt that it is a boon and a blessing to the old-course and to St. Andrews golfers generally that there should be this new course, if only for the opportunity which it gives of resting the old green by shutting up the latter, on occasion, and turning the whole of what Mr. Du Maurier called the great "Golf Stream" to flow over the new; and even when both are open the old course has some relief from the new, owing to the effluence of side currents of the great stream to the new channel. So all is for the best in the best of all possible places for the playing of the best of all possible games, and St. Andrew clearly knew what he was about when he inspired his *protégés* to take away from the riflemen that land over which the new course is now laid and the tournament for the Calcutta Cup is played.

And a third point in which this competition for this Calcutta Cup is significant—a sign of the new times and of the departure of the old—is that it is a handicap competition. Time was, not much more than twenty years ago, when St. Andrews was so opposed to every idea of a handicap competition that it would not endure the holding of even a handicap sweepstakes in connection with the medal competitions, at that date the only scoring competition which the club tolerated at all, in spring and autumn. They, of course, were scratch competitions; there were but two of these in the year, and the idea of anything in the nature of a competition under handicap for an object of *virtu* was abhorrent to the sense of that dear old school of golfers. We, in England, it may be, have gone (or at one time had gone, for the tendency has shown much abatement) to an opposite extreme of cup-giving and of cup-winning which was a little nauseous, but there is no doubt whatever that these handicap competitions at St. Andrews, which are now enjoyed there—the Calcutta Cup started in 1885, and the Jubilee Vase—tend to increase the gaiety of golfers. There is a deal of good fun extracted from them, and it is fun which goes round a great deal further than it could possibly go if it was severely restricted to the scratch players, those eminent gentlemen who have a chance of winning one or other of the medals. The handicap tournaments are not taken too seriously, and part of the best fun of the fair is when one of the best players is yoked up with one of the very worst. The eccentricities of golf begin then to show themselves in a very striking form; the man whose driving is as short as his handicap is long winning, by means which are perfectly fair although perfectly unintelligible, the Long Hole from a man whose driving inspires the pens of poets.

Of course, that is part of the trouble of the whole thing—part of the signs of the changed times—that men should be looking for fun in golf. It is almost a sacrilegious word to use in its connection; it does not sound nearly serious enough. However, for better or worse, there these handicap tournaments are, and, having arrived, they will remain. No one is sufficiently shocked by their levity to think of abolishing them. There are also handicap sweepstakes in connection with the medal play, both in spring and autumn, and others besides those who aspire to what has been called the Blue Ribbon of the Golfing Turf (with no implication of the winner becoming a teetotaller) can now take an active interest in the game, and strive hopefully for

the accumulated crowns. It all seems a great deal less respectable than it used to be, but perhaps it is not on that account any less amusing.

THE HANDICAPPING FOR THE CALCUTTA CUP.

FROM the above comments it is apparent that although the people of St. Andrews are so Royal and Ancient, they have not, as yet, a very venerable tradition of handicapping. Nevertheless, they bring out these competitions to a very satisfactory issue. Most of the matches have been well contested. The tendency evidently is to favour the better players; but this is a tendency which it is hard to evade, because it is so difficult for a weaker player to put up his best game, or even his average game, when matched with one who is much stronger. There is a so-called "moral effect" which the handicapper cannot possibly take into account, because it is so different in different individuals. It would appear that on this year's winner, Captain W. H. Macallan, it had no effect whatever. He beat in the final Mr. Norman Hunter, who, with a penalty of three, was the most heavily handicapped man in the competition, and in previous matches he had beaten Mr. W. E. Fairlie and Mr. J. L. Low, both of whom were penalised to owe two. In the final, a match in which both players, according to the published accounts, must have holed an abnormal number of long putts, he was one down and two to play, and won both the last two holes, and in his semi-final match with Mr. Fairlie he had been two down with four to play, and yet won. So this is clearly a very gallant golfer, as well as soldier.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

People who are fond of coincidences may have taken note that for three years in succession this Calcutta Cup is said to have been won by a man receiving one stroke in the handicap. This was the winner's allowance this year. The same humble unit is said by the papers to have been conceded to Mr. Ronald Graham-Murray when he won last year, but I rather think he had two strokes allowed. Mr. A. R. Macallan, who was the previous Calcutta Cupper, certainly had one stroke given. But as for former winners, and the criticism that the strongest players are difficult to keep out, this cup has been won by Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Macfie, Mr. Everard, Mr. Tait, Mr. W. E. Fairlie, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. J. L. Low, all, except the last (who did not then stand quite so high in the estimation of the handicappers as he stands now), starting either at scratch or with a penalty handicap. It is evidence of good work on the handicapper's part when the semi-final and the final matches both finish as they finished this year, at the last hole; and this interesting result may be held up in contrast with two other finals which were decided in the course of the same week—the final for the Brancaster Challenge Cup and for the Championship of Baden (high-sounding title!) respectively. The latter was won by Mr. Voorhees from an opponent whom he beat by six up and five to play, and the former by Mr. P. V. Broke by no less than nine up and eight to play. Possibly the latter may have been a thirty-six-hole match, which would be some mitigation of the loser's offence; but the report does not say so, and in the absence of any special mention to the contrary we have to assume that it was an eighteen-hole match only, in which case, for a final tie, the result is surely a record.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

AN OLD SILHOUETTE.

THE social life in the old golf clubs, recorded with delightful particularity in the old minutes kept by the secretaries, seems to have been much more varied than it is among us to-day. It was rich in its intense enjoyment and frank human sympathy. It took its ease in little wayside inns and hostleries, and made up for the scantiness of the bill of fare spread before it by a rich outpouring of the convivial spirit, crystallised in humorous speech and song and pungent anecdote. Club membership in those days was not the enormous roll of the residents of a province. It was made up for the most part of three or four dozen players, each of whom was known intimately to the other; and these members were fairly representative of the classes of society existing in the town or surrounding county. The gathering for the monthly medal and the subsequent dinner was more like the assembling of a small band of intimate acquaintances, whose golfing and personal idiosyncrasies were perfectly well known and appreciated by the assembly as a whole. Unlike to-day, where a member of a large and influential club knows less than 10 per cent. of his fellow-members, the old-time golf club membership was in its essentials a close association of social fellowship, keen upon playing the game in all kinds of weather, and at the same time making use of it to uncork all that was rich, amusing, and lovable on the side of intellectual and genial character. There were no motor-cars, trains, tramways, and omnibuses to whirl the golfer away as soon as his rounds of the links were finished; a day's golf in those early years meant a hard day on the links, with the draining of many a beaker in the evening, "and laughter holding both his sides" at the topical songs and speeches which stole the hours sweetly away and caused everyone to look forward with anticipation to the next merry meeting. The "Deoch-an-Doruis" was then often a prolonged affair, apparently. On one occasion the monthly medal players insisted upon drinking so many stirrup cups that they missed the last bus back to Edinburgh from Musselburgh. The six long miles home by road, each golfer carrying his clubs, with the midnight shimmer of the moon blurring the outlines of the landscape, must have been by no means the least sportive interlude in that day's memorable golf.

In those days, too, there were no palatial clubhouses elaborately fitted up to satisfy the most exacting ideals of personal comfort. Just as the standing toast at all the club dinners was "The Green—the Source of All Our Enjoyment," so the members were content with the homely bill of fare of the golf tavern in which they for the time being found quarters. An illustration may be given of the case of the Brunsfield Links Golf Club, which was founded in 1761. More than half a century ago, when the club played over the old Brunsfield links, the club premises consisted of one long, low-roofed room. In a corner stood a few basins for washing behind a screen; in another corner stood a cupboard in which, along with a plentiful supply of plates and glasses, were to be found the various kinds of liquid refreshment, together with bread and cheese and biscuits; and near one of the windows there stood a cask of ale. A chronicler of this old club says: "To these good things we helped ourselves, dropping the equivalent into a box which stood on the mantel-piece; but it was a most unsatisfactory mode of procedure, for the box could not give change, and so payment had often to be postponed to the occasion of the next visit, when it was perhaps forgotten. There was an ever-recurring deficit in regard to which every treasurer in turn made his protest."

I can well believe it. When the Tooting Bec Club was started in 1887, there was a similar cupboard kept in the little parlour of the ranger's cottage on the common. It contained a bottle of Highland Dew and one of Cognac. The treasurer was a medical man, and in order to help the members to gauge their quantities of liquor according to the price to be paid he kindly enclosed in the cupboard along with the bottles a doctor's measuring glass for medicines in minims, drachms, and ounces. The rule was twopence for a small "go," threepence for a big "go"; but whether it was due to the excellent quality of the liquor, or the reckless hospitality of the members, the receipts in the adjoining saucer never by any chance corresponded with the consumption. The treasurer had always a deficit—probably because there was not enough change available for a piece of gold or a silver crown. Sometimes, too, the Cognac was drunk at the cost price of the whisky; and on one occasion the unhappy treasurer of the club found that a non-member, a temporary guest of the club, had treated a good many of his friends to Cognac, for though he had emptied the bottle he had been somehow unaccountably afflicted with a lapse of memory and had not left a sou in the platter! The "old doctor," still a hale and vigorous golfer, laughs often to this day about the curious test of honesty which the cupboard provided for the best as well as the worst in golfing human nature. It was also with the same lesson of human fallibility before him that Dr. Clapperton, one of the witty rhymesters of



THE CHATEAU D'HARDELOT.

the Brunsfield Links Club in the old days, read the forgetful members of the club a little lesson on their duties to the treasurer. He made "the Box" where the liquor was held, and out of which it was drunk, but not paid for, speak for itself in the following lines:

THE BOX'S APPEAL.

Ye golfers all who like to drink,
I pray you from me do not shrink,
But pay cash down; I never sneer
At "Overtures" to Meyerbeer.
Say, is it "grog" or is it "neat"
You most affect when you are beat?
Here, take your choice, but let me show
Your movements not "Adagio."
Or if you feel your coppers hot,
Just hand them here, for well I wot
From me you can obtain a pass
To cool them down with "Thorough Bass."
Pay up your score before you go,
And "mind the Box" à "l'allegrò."

THE LINKS AT HARDELOT, NEAR BOULOGNE.

THIS new foreign golf course, of which illustrations are given this week, was formally opened for play at the end of July. Among those taking part in the ceremony were M. Péron, the captain, a well-known resident at Wimereux, M. Thierry of the Boulogne Club, Mr. John D. Dunn, the Director of Sports at Hardelet, and Walls, the professional at Wimereux. Since then the Duke of Argyll, among other English and American visitors, has been playing on the course. Harry Vardon says of the golf course at Hardelet: "It will compare with most of the best in England and Scotland." Golfers who know St. Andrews, North Berwick, Sandwich, and similar courses will appreciate the comparison when they know that the golf course at Hardelet is laid out over the same character of country. It has not been necessary to make a single artificial hazard, and there are no terraced putting greens or tees. The hazards consist of natural sand bunkers, sand dunes, pond, ditches, pine trees, roads, bents, broom, rushes, and even the Claire Eau lake. An eighteen-hole course has been most scientifically laid out by Harry Vardon, and Nature did her very best to help him. Every hole is exceedingly

interesting from start to finish. The golfer can leave Victoria with the 10 a.m. train, lunch at Boulogne, and play eighteen holes at Hardelet in the afternoon, without hurry or worry, as the links are only six miles from Boulogne. The Société d'Hardelet have acted wisely in confirming the selection of their managing director (Mr. John R. Whitley) of Mr. John D. Dunn, the eldest son of the late Tom Dunn, for the post of Director of Sports at Hardelet. Dunn's thorough training as a practical golfer under his father makes his appointment particularly valuable to a new organisation. There is a fine beach at Hardelet, a magnificent forest, beautiful surrounding country, and a celebrated historical castle (built by Charlemagne in 811, which capitulated to King Henry VIII. of England in 1544. Day trips can be made from Hardelet to the battlefields of Crecy and Agincourt. The Duke of Argyll, who is a most enthusiastic golfer, has bought 2½ acres of freehold land, and is about to erect a chalet on it. The leading spirit at Hardelet is Mr. John R. Whitley, the founder of Le Touquet. A. J. ROBERTSON.



THE LINKS AT HARDELOT.